

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1920



Reedy's

MIRROR

A Noisome National Campaign
Exhibitors Fight the Movie Trust
A Cure for Election Debauchery
The Proscription of Minorities
Mexico's Hopeless Revolution
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WOMAN TRIUMPHANT by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. New York: E. P. Dutton Co., \$1.90.

Published in Spain some years ago as "*La Maja Desnuda*" it created something of a scandal and a sensation. Because of the difficulty in finding an English equivalent for *maja*, Ibanez decided upon "Woman Triumphant" for the title of the English edition, the triumphant woman being the wife of the protagonist. *Renovales*, the hero, is the personification of human desire which never knows what it wants. Translated by Hayward Keniston.

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HUMAN NATURE IN BUSINESS by Fred C. Kelly. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.90.

The subtitle is "How to Capitalize Your Everyday Habits and Characteristics." Whether the ability to do that or not is conveyed, the book is interesting reading. Some of the articles are republished from current magazines. Illustrated.

A MISCELLANY OF BRITISH POETRY, edited by W. Kean Seymour. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

An anthology of English poetry for 1919, containing poems by John Drinkwater, Laurence Binyon, W. W. Gibson, Laurence Housman, Sturge Moore, W. H. Davies, Robert Nichols, Eden Phillpotts and some twenty others.

CURRENT SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL FORCES, edited by Lionel D. Edie. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$2.50.

Such men as Norman Angell, John Dewey, Felix Frankfurter, Graham Wallas, Arthur Henderson, Bertrand Russell, Thorstein Veblen, Basil Manly and James MacKaye deal with the fundamental features of the social and economic order in a method which suggests the pathways of change. John D. Rockefeller writes of his industrial creed. E. H. Cary discourses upon workmen as investors. Meyer Bloomfield gives his experience and theories on the management of men. Otto H. Kahn speaks of individualism. H. G. Wells has an article on social forces in England and America. There are extracts from the writings of Woodrow Wilson, Walter Lippmann, Herbert Croly, Bertrand Russell, Frank P. Walsh, Wal-

ter A. Weyl and numerous others whose names are equally well known. Some of the authors are more liberal than others; the liberals do not agree in their recommendations; some of them may be called radicals and extremists, others conservative and reactionary. There is no intent on the part of the editor to compile a book of propaganda but rather to afford an open forum for the expression of the platforms and policies of those social workers who are interested in the betterment of the present social and economic order. Indexed.

MISER'S MONEY by Eden Phillpotts. New York: Macmillan Co., \$2.

Phillpotts' work is always distinguished for depth of feeling and study of motive and temperament. The miser in this volume is a woman-hater and a pessimist. He tries to bequeath this spirit to a young man in love. The struggle between Cupid and cupidity is skillfully depicted with much development of ideas of right and wrong and fair play.

THE NEW SCIENCE OF ANALYZING CHARACTER by Harry H. Balkin. Boston: Four Seas Co., \$3.

Mr. Balkin has fitted himself for character analyzing and vocational adviser by studying anthropology, evolution, ethnology, anatomy, psychology, hygiene and history and combining his knowledge of these subjects with much close observation and exact measurements. As a result he offers this volume as a text book with the assurance that its study will aid everyone in understanding himself, his character and possibilities, as well as his companions and associates. Illustrated with photographs.

SOPHIE by Philip Moeller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.75.

A three-act comedy which relates the exciting and amazing adventures of a single night in the life of *Sophie Arnould*, the most famous singer, the greatest wit and the most notorious woman of her day in Paris. It recites with sparkling gaiety how she handles four gentlemen in as many hours—her composer, her ambassador, her Nemesis and her lover. The play was written for Emily Stevens and produced by George Tyler. Prologue by Carl Van Vechten.

CANAAN by Graça Aranha. Boston: Four Seas Co., \$4.

The story of a young emigrant who settles in one of the colonies of Brazil, whose author is a noted Brazilian writer and diplomat. Anatole France has pronounced this "the great American novel." Translated from the Portuguese by Mariano Joaquin Lorente, of the MIRROR staff.

HEY, RUB-A-DUB by Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$2.

In some twenty essays Mr. Dreiser gives caustic expressions to his mature beliefs and theories about life in general and Americans in particular. These beliefs and views do not differ in any essential from those incorporated in his former works. His examples are drawn from the newspapers, from the people about him. Mr. Dreiser is deeply in earnest and, as always, impressive.

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—Judge Rutherford

"The world has ended, and I want the statement 'Millions now living will never die' to be taken literally, as it is in the light of recently fulfilled prophesy, a provable Biblical proposition."

—J. F. Rutherford.



JUDGE RUTHERFORD

President of the New York Peoples Pulpit Association, and the International Bible Students Association, which was organized by the late Pastor Russell, who thirty years ago clearly forecasted the 1914-1918 World War, the recent granting of Palestine to the Jews as a home land and the present period of profiteering and unrest and their happy culmination.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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A Noisome Canvass

By William Marion Reedy

DON'T mind the dopesters who are telling so definitely what is to happen at the two great political conventions. The delegates are going to name the tickets and frame the platforms. In neither party has any presidential aspirant a preponderating strength. In both organizations there is a lack of political management of fine quality. The leaders do not know whither to lead. The captains are not disciplined as of old. From all sides we hear that the delegates incline to take their state's instructions in a Pickwickian sense. Personal devotion runs somewhat pale and thin. Spontaneity is lacking. Booms and individuals' causes seem to drag at the very best.

The people of the two parties act like folks who are disillusioned and disheartened. The fire of this year's fight is mostly outside the old political parties, at least outside the organizations. There is as much cynicism as to Johnson or Hoover on the one hand as there is with regard to Wood and Lowden on the other. Knox, the ablest of them all, is incalculable, a sort of Jekyll-Hyde to both liberals and reactionaries, a compromise no side would consider safe. Everybody has heard so much of fine phrase and high promise come to nothing, that no leader's platform is taken as being more than something to get into office on. The public has not really warmed up to the campaign. How can it, when the idealism of the past five years has been ditched unceremoniously in both parties? The war orgasm of professed altruism has issued in a monstrously selfish materialism, patriotism has disintegrated and degraded into narrow, bigoted, unscrupulous partisanship. We make a mock of our best thought and effort. It is as if the Seven Deadly Sins were throned in our hearts where erstwhile reigned a divinity of truth and justice. The observer of the political scene today cannot but be impressed with a sense of a prevalent spiritual disgust with the politics that have grown out of the war in which, for a time, we rose above ourselves. Only those to whom politics is business or personal interest are really keen on the outcome of the conventions. All the excitement observable seems to be pulmotored to a degree. Among the many there is contempt, amused or indignant, for the politicians and their maneuvers. And the worst of this condition is that it leaves everything all the more to the politicians in both parties.

Between the parties there is no clean and clear-cut issue. Both of them are hedging on the treaty and the League of Nations, on the so-called issue of capital and labor, on the question of liberty of speech and press. Both denounce profiteering without defining it or faintly adumbrating a remedy for it. They are a unit in denouncing a straw man—Bolshevism. It is a ghastly joke that any man like Mitchell Palmer, last of the witch-finders, should be even thought of for president in the Democratic party. The candidacy of Edwards, New Jersey, is a grotesque farce. Cox, of Ohio, represents nothing but problematical expediency. Mr. McAdoo might amount to something if he were not inevitably first considered as a son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson. And now, in the dullest editorial ever written,

the New York Times puts forth the case for John W. Davis, evidently the latest Wilsonian choice for the nomination and the protege of Clarence Watson, the coal baron of West Virginia, and a person whose virtues are known only to the few who have the White House picketed against contamination from popular opinion. It would require a perfectly organized clique to get up two cheers and a half for anyone of them in a ward meeting without a keg of beer tapped under the speakers' stand. There is not a spark of magnetism, not a throb of enthusiasm in the lot. The one Democrat who would appeal to both reason and imagination, who believes something and has done something—Brand Whitlock—the bosses will not even think of.

There is Mr. Wilson himself. But is the Wilson of today Wilson himself? There are not wanting certain signs that move humane critics of the President to stay their speech concerning him. There is a feeling that he is a force so nearly spent that it may not endure for long. His policy is not the policy of any but the most sycophantic, the most unreasoning of his followers. No real statesman in all the world is for the one thing in advocacy of which Mr. Wilson went into at least physical collapse.

The one conspicuously powerful leader, after Mr. Wilson, qualifies his support of the President in precisely that respect which constitutes opposition to the Wilsonian purpose. Mr. Bryan, it now appears, is in a fair way to dominate the Democratic convention, to write the platform, and to dictate the nominee; and the high possibility is that nominee will be himself. There is no one in sight to give him battle in the party. His program is, so far as we know it, hardly one of a scope to meet the need of the time. It is, domestically, political where it should be economic, and parochial in spirit where it should have national comprehensiveness.

In each party "anything may happen." Some new man may be nominated for President. The convention will be cautious, but out of that caution may burst some daring action in sheer disgust of compromise, some personality haloed and made radiant by unexpected but felicitous occasion. The aggregation of commonplaceness may culminate in some outburst or upthrust of brilliancy, somewhat as a long spell of dull heat breaks in a magnificence of clarifying and freshening storm. Send that the outcome be anything but a straddle platform, a compromise, dull, "safe" man nominated primarily to get votes, a *Mr. Facing-Both-Ways* on every issue of policy.

And now come the revelations as to the lavish expenditures of and for Republican presidential aspirants Lowden and Wood. Campaign funds in the heavy hundreds of thousands of dollars. Delegations bought like cattle! Rival campaign managers peaching on one another like thieves in a police net. This is the deadlier Bolshevism.

Really, there's no word expressive of the effect of all this upon the minds of decent people, except Cambronne's at Waterloo, chastely rendered—"Muck!"

The Movie Trust

By William Marion Reedy

A NATIONAL convention, subordinate in public importance only to the gatherings of the great political parties to nominate presidential tickets, will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, June 8th to 11th. It will be a convention of all the moving-picture exhibitors of the United States. In the outcome of this gathering the millions of patrons of the movies are interested. It signalizes the beginning of a revolt of the exhibitors against the encroachments upon their interests by the producers and distributors of films. The production and distributors represent the same financial power. They have been putting the screws to the exhibitor in a way that threatened his control of his theater property. They are the Movie Trust.

Such is the general basis of the exhibitor's rebellion, according to his representative trade journals. In detail the exhibitors' grievance is against advancing film rentals, the exaction of deposits or so-called advance payments, curtailment of production, driving for percentage booking, and in some instances the opening up of theaters near the houses of intractable exhibitors to cut into their business.

Film prices have a tendency to force exhibitors to raise prices of admission. Low prices made the movies. Raising prices kill a house. The Trust increases film prices. If the exhibitor kicks he is threatened with Trust-backed opposition. Therefore the owner is often forced to sell out rather than close up or shut down. The word from the producers and distributors is "Come across with our price or you go on the skids."

Then there's the deposit or the advance payment as a fine squeeze on the owner of the movie theater. Although film rentals are payable in advance, exhibitors are required to pay deposits at the signing of contracts for films, as guarantee that they will keep all agreements. These deposits are sent to New York and there held in order to force the depositor to continue showing the films of the concerns holding the deposits. And they can be taken to satisfy any charge the New York office may make against the theater-owner. The exhibitor is at the producing combine's mercy.

Let us now consider the scheme for percentage booking. The producer puts up the price of a picture to a prohibitive figure. The exhibitor balks at the exaction. Very well, then the producer will offer the film for a percentage of the receipts of the house. Say the theater-owner accepts. A producer's representative is put in the box office to tab the receipts. This representative gets a line on the house's average business, and for future pictures charges a price that cuts the receipts to the bone. If the exhibitor stands the gaff he makes little money. If he doesn't, he gets no pictures.

Another device the theater-owners call vicious is that of competitive sales of films. To illustrate: the Gem Theater owner may buy a film for \$500 from a salesman of a producing concern, with date of presentation January 1st. He signs a contract in triplicate, one copy for New York, one for the local branch, one for himself, paying film rental in advance, and in addition a deposit guaranteeing his living up to the contract. But if some neighboring picture

house man offers \$600 for the film he gets it, the Gem owner's contract being held up in New York. When the higher price is secured from the second exhibitor, the contract of the Gem man comes back from New York, "disapproved." It is hard to get deposits back. The deposit gives the man who holds it the whip hand over the exhibitor in every dispute that may arise.

The producers control the raw material of the movies and can and do dictate to the theater owners in many matters pertaining to the conduct of their business. And the exhibitors stand the 5 per cent film-rental tax, too. Moreover, the producers put over upon exhibitors in films all kinds of advertising matter for which the producers get bounteously paid, while the exhibitor gets nothing, though he provides the showing of the advertising. He can't cut it out. It is in the film he has contracted to show. He must show it or forfeit his deposit and his film rental. Let an exhibitor protest and he is answered with threats of a competitive theater across the street or around the corner. Says the exhibitors' temporary national chairman, Sydney S. Cohen: "All the huge load of bonanza salaries for stars, the rewards given for promotion, the penalties of overcapitalization, the burdens of extravagance and incompetence are put on the backs of the theater-owners."

Such are the matters that will be discussed at the Cleveland convention. What the remedies for the evils may be, the convention must determine. Of course there are some theater-owners who stand in with the producers and distributors. It is the self-owned theater-owners who are making the fight.

The two biggest factors in the moving picture industry—the fifth largest in the country—are the Paramount-Famous Players-Lasky combine, backed by Wall Street money in millions, of producers, distributors and theater-owners, and the First National Pictures' Association, a distributing concern composed of theater-owners, organized in 1917 to check Paramount, etc., exactions. The National Pictures' Association does not produce films but buys them from producers. It has twenty-six franchise holders who own about 250 theaters throughout the country. It supplies films to its own members and outsiders. Its members are distributing agents in their respective territories. The National Pictures Association is some power, itself—and power has to be watched. The independent exhibitor simply has to get himself together and act interdependently. There are about 6,500 of him at large.

The Paramount-Famous Players-Lasky aggregation of producers is going into the theater business in competition with the people who buy its film output. It is buying up and building theaters all over the country. It is building a "million-dollar" show house in St. Louis at Grand and Lucas avenues. It bought up the fifteen theaters controlled by the Koplar interests for a chunk of cash and a block of stock. It is putting up the million-dollar house to cut in on the biggest movie business in St. Louis, that of the Grand Central, across the street. The Paramount concern has control of an overwhelming array of actor talent and celebrities.

The Skouras brothers, three Greeks, not long since buss-boys at the Jefferson Hotel, control seven movie houses here, among them the Grand Central, so successful as to be famous in moviedom, and invite the million-dollar house competition mentioned above. Skouras brothers own the franchise service for St. Louis and Missouri, in the National Pictures' Association. They can sell sub-franchises to other theaters. One state franchise owner cleared \$16,000 in six weeks on such sales.

The National Pictures concern professes to fight the fight of the local man against the country-wide combine of producers and distributors. It promises to help the individual in trouble with the combine, giving him credit, getting him pictures, etc. Franchise owners in National Pictures held a convention in Chicago recently and explained their plan of campaign to a large delegation of independent exhibitors sore on the Paramount crowd. A committee appointed by that convention will report its plan of remedy to the Cleveland convention June 8th, 9th and 10th. The chairman of that committee reports that he has secured pledges not to become theater-owners from the following producing companies: Selznick, Universal, Pathé, Vitagraph, Robinson-Cole and United Artists, or Big Four—Chaplin, Fairbanks, Pickford, Griffith. Film from all those concerns will be available to all independent exhibitors in plenteous amount. And the independents will have plenty of stars of magnitude—the Chaplins, the Talmadges, Lionel Barrymore, Anita Stewart, etc.—and lots of films of note like "Daddy Long Legs," "The Miracle Man," "Tarzan." The independent houses will not lack attractions.

The National Pictures' Association is three years old. It admits exhibitors outside the association to co-operation with it in what is co-operative buying from independent stars and producers, but it does not bar buying from the Trust. Pooling their purchasing interests and theater facilities they can meet opposition from the big organized producers, paying a fixed percentage of the total cost of every release. The exhibitor with a franchise has a stock equity in the exchange for his territory and if there be any profits over the exchange's expenses his share in them guarantees him against excessive cost of films. The scheme is one of mutualization, for each franchise holder is in direct partnership with 6,500 other theaters. Naturally the producers outside the combination, six or more, lend their aid to the perfection of the exhibitors' organization, for if Paramount-Lasky get all the theaters there won't be any market for the output of the producers not in the Trust. In combination they can block the Paramount's scheme for a nation-wide monopoly. The theater-owners will quit popularizing stars and productions which, as Lewis Selznick says, they will lose as soon as Paramount, etc., get things so fixed that it will be more expedient to take the theater-owner's crowds than to take his contracts.

As intimated above, National Pictures has dangerous power, but so far the power has been well used. Here is a case in point: S. A. Lynch, reputedly a Paramount agent, went into Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas, buying up theaters. One Hulsey had the National Pictures franchise for those states. Hulsey went trailing Lynch, buying theaters in close proximity to Lynch's. Between Lynch and Hulsey independent exhibitors were being undercut. Hulsey

wouldn't sell sub-franchises to anyone, wanted all the game for himself. Three hundred of the little fellows appealed to the National Pictures' Association, which took the franchise rights away from Hulsey and opened up new distributing offices at Dallas. All independent exhibitors in Hulsey's district were supplied with films.

The big movie combine, headquartered in New York, has been "called" on its scheme to control the houses as well as the films and their distribution. It was using the rentals paid by its patrons to crush out their business. It was squeezing and freezing out the local man who wouldn't serve Paramount in the capacity of a mere janitor. And it is still at work to that end, as is only too well known in St. Louis. The neighborhood theater is in a fair way to extinction by the wresting of its control from the neighbor of its patrons. The theater is to be run from New York by men concerned only to send back to headquarters big earnings. What would they care about the quality of the films shown, either ethically or aesthetically? The picture house is to be "trustified" so the manager cannot pick his films but must take what is sent him. He may morally poison the neighborhood and debauch it artistically. Neighborhood protest wouldn't count for much with him. The neighborhood children would not be safe, as they are, mostly, in theaters owned by neighbors and associates of their parents. Stranger owners, controlled from afar, can ignore neighborhood opinion. This condition of affairs cannot but draw popular support to the independent home exhibitors as against the Movie Trust. Independent home houses with good films should have a stronger pull than the Trust houses. The exhibitors can make a powerful appeal for support to the millions who feast upon the film.

The principal Paramount or Trust houses in St. Louis are: King's, Pershing, Royal, Shendoah, Grand-Florissant and Lindell.

The National Pictures or Anti-Trust houses in St. Louis are: New Grand Central, Pageant, Shaw, Arsenal, West End Lyric and Down Town Lyric.

If one-tenth of what the exhibitors say is true the Paramount crowd is a combination in restraint of trade under the anti-trust act. The fight of the organized individual exhibitors against the movie monopoly is a good one. *Why not supplement it by instigating to action against the movie combine in restraint of trade not only the Attorney General of the United States, but the Attorney General of each and every one of the forty-eight states in the Union?*

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The Looming Issue

THERE'S a question old yet new looming in this year's presidential campaign. It is the root question. It goes to the heart of the cost of living, profiteering, privilege. It is the land question. The Forty-eighters have it in their platform. The Socialists stress it in their declaration of policy. The American Federation of Labor asserts it in its formulation of things necessary to the relief of the workers. The farmers' organizations present it with tentative timidity. The question is shall the land and its resources be released to the use of the people. The answer is that it must be, in order to free pro-

duction. Land held out of use must be taxed. The increment of land value not due to the effort of the land's holder, but to the growth of the country and to the growing need of production must be taken for the public benefit and to the relief of tax-burdened industry. This is another issue greater than the League of Nations, for there can be no enduring peace between nations so long as individuals and peoples must fight for the right to labor and to live. It is the foundation evil of our economic system and poisons the social system with poverty, vice and crime. The greater parties will ignore it but the masses of men will come to understand it as the master key to all real reform. Its triumph will not come this year or soon, but it will come to the wild music of the cry, "The land for the people!" For land means work, bread, liberty.

The Rights of Minorities

ONE of the most splendid examples of true liberalism and tolerance that I have observed of late years is the action of Dr. John A. Ryan, the Roman Catholic economist, in declaring the suspension of the five Socialist members of the New York Assembly to be "the most brazen and insidious political outrage that has been committed in this country since 1877." This priest wrote this in a letter to Mr. Morris Hillquit, the Socialist lawyer for the defendant assemblymen, with whom he had a debate in *Everybody's Magazine* some years ago. He believes not at all in Socialism, but he does believe in justice, in democracy, in the reign of law. The suspension and expulsion were detestable. If the Socialists may be dealt with so, like treatment may be dealt out to assemblymen-elect who are members of the Catholic church, "for there have been majorities in the legislature of more than one Southern State that have looked upon the Catholic Church exactly as Speaker Sweet looks upon the Socialist party." Some of Dr. Ryan's Catholic brethren, lay and clerical, have criticized his course and he publishes his replies to them in the latest issue of the *Catholic Charities Review*, in one of which he says that "the plot to unseat the Socialist members has in the main been actuated not by motives of patriotism and love for Christian institutions, but by a mixture of practical politics and industrial interests." In another letter, the Catholic divine denounces Speaker Sweet's sentencing to death of the eight-hour bill and the minimum wage bill, calling them Bolshevistic. The issue is not the right or wrong of Socialism, but autocracy versus law. "The real danger to our free institutions today is not from Bolshevism but from hysterical and insidious means of repression." The expulsion of the Socialists is not only unjust in itself, he says, "but creates a most threatening precedent for similar attacks upon the fundamental rights of all minorities." Moreover the action was the outcome of an alliance between Speaker Sweet and his friends and the organized manufacturers of New York. Father Ryan characterizes forcibly the fakery behind much of the Americanization propaganda which is really a mask for attacks upon social welfare measures.

If there are two things in the world more antagonistic to each other than Roman Catholicism and Socialism, I don't know what they can be. Yet here is a Roman Catholic priest, opposed to Socialism in toto, pleading for equal rights and fair play for Socialists. And it must not be thought that

only Catholics are in danger of religious proscription in this country. The International Bible Students' Association has been dastardly and damnably dealt with by the Department of Justice. Its preachers and teachers have been held in jail for long periods without bail for nothing but their pacifist belief. Their religious literature has been suppressed though the members of the organization like the Quakers, Seventh Day Adventists, Dunkards, etc., were willing to render non-combatant service in the war. Four of their teachers have been sent to prison in California in spite of pleas for pardon by the judge who tried them for obstructing the draft. The Attorney General released the students held in Brooklyn when there was found to be no case against them, but they were held for more than a year in prison in violation of the rights accorded common criminals. Louis XIV was never more lawless in his use of the *lettre de cachet* for burying objectionable persons in his *oubliettes*, than Mitchell Palmer has been. The Department of Justice has made a harlot of the goddess. When the Department of Labor takes issue with it, the plutocrats in House and Senate denounce the Department of Labor as Bolshevistic. New York's Legislature not only ejects Socialists but it proposes to supervise and direct all education in such way as to strangle all instruction that has the faintest liberal tendency. Because of these and other abominations that flourish the protest of an eminent Roman Catholic teacher has value for the restoration of liberty, civil, economic and religious. Americanization propaganda in some aspects is the most anti-American thing in America. It surpasses in despicability much of what we were taught to regard as the essence of Teutonism. Its ultimate aim would seem to be an autocracy rendered more malignant by a strong infusion of theocracy. All Americans of truly liberal spirit must fight it. This issue is bigger than the League of Nations or any other pending question. There can be no freedom without freedom of opinion.

Tax Dodging Supreme

SENATOR KENYON has shown the body of which he is a member that stock dividends to the value of \$500,000,000 have been declared by about a score of corporations. The dividends have come thick and fast since the United States Supreme Court declared them not taxable as income or excess profits. No such dividends are ever declared by corporations that are losing money. They are declared as profits. The company has done so well it gives its stockholders more shares in the company. No recipient of stock dividends but believes and knows he received them because of profits and therefore they are profits. The market reckons them as profits, and welcomes them as a means of dodging taxation.

Closed Shop Teachers

WHAT is being done by our Board of Education to make sure that none of the St. Louis teachers in the public schools belongs to such a depraved organization as a trade union? Is it preparing a test oath to be sprung on the instructors in August? Are there stool pigeons about and among the teachers to discover if they are Gomperians? If so, what a beautiful system to suppress concerted fraternal effort for improvement, even in a non-strike organization!

A Hopeless Revolution

AND still we know very little about the latest, probably not the last, Mexican revolution; not even whether President Carranza was assassinated or committed suicide. The former is the more likely, more in accord with the custom of the country. Magnanimity to the fallen is more honored in the breach than in the observance in those diluted Latin lands. No one knows what the president *ad interim*, de la Huerta stands for. He has postponed the national election until September, but what of that? Only a handful of Mexico's eleven or twelve million people vote. We seem to have had intimation that this de la Huerta had strong backing in this country from those who want to clean up Mexico and clean up some coin for themselves. But before de la Huerta is firmly in his seat there is rumor of another revolution. The deponents of Carranza have not been able as yet to make terms with Pancho Villa and there are others like unto him. One cannot quite make out what it is Obregon wants or any of the "heroes." There is not much evidence of the play of definite ideas in the revolution. The people are a negligible quantity, only soldiers and political adventurers are in the foreground. Carranza as a *cientifico* at least had ideas of both political and economic reform. There lingered in him for all that the spirit of the despot. He proposed a system of law but it must be administered by him. His justice as between the men prominent in the government went by favor. But he opposed foreign interference with his country whether by dictation or more insidious means. In all the accounts of the revolution we find nothing indicating any change other than the substitution of another personality for Carranza and another clique or junta than that which surrounded him. There is no promise of relief from the tyranny of the hacendados. There is no indication that anything is to be done for the peons, that the different states are to be co-ordinated into a national system and changed from the mediaeval, semi-barbaric satrapies of governors which they are at present. There is not a word from anywhere about the sufferings of the common people under the recurrent raids and trappings of bands of marauders. We listen in vain for some proposal to end the wierd system of government by black-mail and taxation at the muzzle of the carbine. Civil government must be going on in some fashion, but details are lacking. We turn to the array of recent books on Mexico for some clew to the courses and purposes of the revolution, but the books are all propaganda. If the revolution is a forward movement we cannot tell. That it is largely of heterogenetic origin most people who profess a knowledge of Mexican affairs are agreed. In the discussion in the Mexican capital the talk is all of the conflict of special interests. There is no sign anywhere that there is anything like a popular movement. One gets the impression that Mexico is today much like Italy in the twelfth century, a congeries of governments by banditti, loosely leagued by loot. One gathers too that the men who make the history we are now reading are rather more aboriginal than Spanish and their ideas of government for other than their own ends are vague and cloudy. Carranza appears to have been more of a man of modern ideas than any of them, but he too was childishly wilful and petulant and ignorant of the principle of accommodation. Withal he was able to compel some respect for Mexico in spite of his political and personal perversities. What is to come after him no one can tell. But the worst of it all is that in the ruck and clutter no one in Mexico gives thought to

the simple folk who cannot but suffer while the condottieri quarrel, and can have little hope for any future but one of unrequited toil and burden-bearing for their landlord taskmasters. There is little hope for the dispossessed in this revolution. And the people of the United States care little that this is so. The pity of it!

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Missouri's Vote at Frisco

MISSOURI should not be deprived of her full complement of votes in the Democratic national convention because the Kansas City district's choice of Senator Reed for delegate was rejected by the state convention and no substitute or alternate was chosen in Mr. Reed's place. I don't think the state committee has the right or the power to fill the vacancy, but I think the members of the state delegation have that right.

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Our Local Courts

It seems to me to be about time for citizens of St. Louis, Democratic and Republican, to do something to the end of securing a better circuit judiciary for this community. The Republican machine seems to be bent on nominating a ticket upon no other consideration than the pliability of the candidates for purely political purposes. It is said also that a movement is afoot to deny renomination to present occupants of the bench who are conspicuous by reason of their legal attainments and their judicial character. The machine influence in the courts is a scandal. The city should have clean courts. The judges should not be mere political workers and prentice hands at the law. The Bar Association should take up the situation in the courts and enlighten the public as to candidacies which promise either to better or worsen conditions on the bench. The Republicans are so sure they can carry the town with any old ticket, they are not responsive to suggestions that the courts be placed above suspicion. The "boys" are set upon nominating their friends who will do favors. Citizens who care more for the uncontaminated administration of the law than for bringing the judges down to the level of tools for political strikers should organize for a judicial ticket of the best men available from the bar. Democrats should see the importance of such nominations as strengthening their party with the people and giving it some hope of success. Reputable Republicans are grieved by the way it seems the judiciary nominations in their party are going. A worthy alternative ticket to that the Republican machine meditate should be presented to the people for their suffrages. If need be, an independent judicial ticket should be nominated.

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A Great Lawyer Gone

THERE died in this city last week one of the greatest lawyers this country has produced—Charles P. Johnson. His specialty was criminal law, and his character and conduct as a practitioner therein saved that branch of the law from utter discredit in the eyes of men. He was a master dramatist in the presentation of a case, a splendid actor in its vidualization to a jury, an immensely eloquent pleader for the individual ringed round by the forces of the State. He was not a defender of the rich, not a cormorant for big fees; only a champion of the individual's rights before the very law he was accused of transgressing. He fought his cases with scrupulous honor and a dignity

disdaining all cheapness. He attacked and destroyed organized criminality for the control of politics in this city and state. A friend of the Union and of Lincoln he valiantly opposed exaction of test oaths and all proscription after the civil war. He was an advanced liberal at all times and the champion of rights as against privileges, though he held duties not less sacred than rights. He practiced his profession with much of the artistry of a ritual and with an astonishing knowledge of the human heart and soul in their better manifestations. For more than sixty years he practiced in the courts with a success that seemed miraculous to those who could not realize that the secret of his achievement lay in his love for people. To be in trouble or in suffering was warrant upon his service, his heart, his purse, never dishonored. Death came to him in his eighty-fourth year and stilled a heart still fresh and young with affectionate sympathy for all the world, uncorrupt by power and the wantonness of authority and superiority. And he left the world infinitely more than he carried away from it, much as we miss him who knew him for his gifts and graces as companion and friend, a kind, cultured true-spirited gentleman.

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Our Damned Inertia

THERE is a slight approach to peace, but this country has no part in it. The Allies are going to discuss the peace with Germany as part of the human race. They will consider helping her to pay her reparation bill. They incline a little to consider her as one of the family of nations and they do so because they see that her salvation is their own. This is a start on a straight path to peace. The Allies are acting on reservations. They are improving their league as they put it in operation. Only this country holds out for verbal abstractions. We delay the rehabilitation of civilization with discussion of technicalities in phraseology. The Senate is no worse an offender than the President. Between the two the rage for the letter killeth, while the spirit that giveth life is forgotten. The people have a growing contempt for the wrangling doctors of the law. Our late associates in the war are trying to establish some kind of peace, with whatever of ulterior imperial design. We only sneer or snarl at their efforts. We do nothing to restrain them or to protect the peoples they menace. We play at picayune domestic politics in a boodle campaign and let the world go hang. We refuse to take a hand in setting straight a woozy world. And some of the best of us cry querulously, "What is truth?" and turn away and wash our hands. The United States government has moral paralysis and spiritual paresis and impotence of the constructive faculty, while a presidency is being sought by flat purchase, and liberties are being trampled upon and raped through the audacities of elected pigmies. The American salt has lost its savor. With what shall it be salted? The deadliest cowardice is fear of action. This country as it stands is like those neutrals, during the Uranian rebellion, neither for God nor Satan, who in the outcome were unfit either for heaven or hell.

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The Transportation Jam

GIVE the railroads their adequate rate increases. They cannot function without revenues. But give the railroad workers adequate wages. The country doesn't care whether trade unions are regular or clandestine lodges. The worker-complainants are

human beings, before they are unionists. Pay them humane wages. There is no other way to allay discontent or to keep transportation in proper service to the country's needs. The situation calls for nerve on the part of officials—nerve to do something for the railroads—nerve to do something for the ill-paid workers. The Government is in a dream of far things, blind and deaf to things near. It hears voices in the air. It doesn't hear the rumble of social earthquake. It abandons all of us to whatever may happen of evil effect from conditions worsened by temporizing with them.

To Cure Election Debauchery

DESPITE the abominations of the use of slathers of money in the present presidential canvass, we must sit by and let the reactionists capitalize it into an abolition of the direct primary. We must not go back to the old convention plan of fixing tickets by the representatives of the interests desirous of controlling the makers and the administrators of the law. We must not be stampeded into abandoning the initiative and referendum with

the primary and permit a return to power of the boss and the hoodler of old. The remedy for the evils of the primary is for the government to pay all the election expenses of all candidates of all parties and to penalize severely any political expenditure outside of that by any candidate or his friends or any organization. This is the ultimate logic of publicity of campaign expenses as we now have it. This plan would cost a great deal of money, of course, but it would be worth its cost in preventing primary and election debauchery. It would give the poor man a real chance to run for office without mortgaging his body and soul. It would put out of business the political grafters like the fellows who taxed Governor Lowden one thousand dollars for each of Missouri's sixty-three votes in the Republican convention. Apply the plan to all elections, national, state, municipal. The things for which the government would pay could all be specified. Would this be too much governmental control? Do we prefer control of elections by the use of private money in behalf of private ends in the carrying on of public affairs? Is there any other or better cure?

Breaking the Control of Credit

By William Marion Reedy

WHILE the banks are engaged, somewhat dictatorially, in restricting or crimping credit, it is good to know that there is in progress a movement of wide scope for credit enlargement and extension, though not expansion. Among the more advanced elements in trades unionism there is an organization for the establishment of small savings, co-operative banks, co-operative credits and credit unions. The movement indeed is fairly well advanced beyond the stage of experiment, justifying apparently the prediction that within ten years the United States will witness the erection of such institutions into a national system similar to those that have flourished in Europe for half a century. The logic of conditions leads to the belief that such a system will eventually become allied with the Federal Reserve Banks.

The man at the bottom rather than the man at the top most needs credit. It will increase his industrial productiveness, whether he be farmer or artisan. Give him credit and he will be enabled to hold his own against the middleman and speculator who now fatten upon him. Give him this credit at a bank of his own and he will not be forced to yield tribute to the loan sharks. Credit is now controlled by people out of sympathy or touch with the humbler folk of the working world. We have heard of the recent development of co-operative stores under labor union auspices. Co-operative banks using the money of the co-operators would loan the money made by the stores back to the co-operators. Such banks would discourage the usurers who thrive on the necessity of the small farmer, be he tenant or owner. It is usury that turns the farm owner into the tenant farmer. He is at the mercy of men who charge any interest rate they please. There is no fighting the present credit system with its rates of from 35 to 100 per cent, as shown in the report of the Comptroller of the Currency for 1915. The farmer's only hope of salvation from it is the co-operative bank.

So, too, with the city worker. The loan shark has got him. He can't go to the big banks that have no time to deal in "chicken-feed." The worker cannot haggle on his need to meet the cost of sickness or a death in the family. Mr. Frederic C. Howe relates that "according to a study of the loan sharks in New York City, made by the Russell Sage Foundation, interest rates ran as high as 280, 300 and 329 per cent per annum. An examination of the books

of one loan shark showed a profit of 28 per cent in one month. At this rate, the annual income from a loan office with a capital of \$10,000 would be \$34,368. These profits are ultimately paid by the needy worker. Before he gets through he repays the loan two or three times over. He lives in a state of fear. Often he is unfitted for work altogether. He carries the menace of impending disaster. Harrassed by the money lender he often throws up his job. He "beats it" to some other town. In desperation he often leaves his family, possibly to the mercy of organized charity. It is thus very often that the good honest worker becomes a "hobo." America has no banks to help him. The All American Farmer-Labor Co-operative Congress purposes to establish such banks through co-operation, in connection with such co-operative stores as are being established by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Such credit union banks are being organized in nine states in this country. They are people's banks for mobilizing the resources of farmers and workers. It is for borrowers and depositors rather than for stockholders primarily.

These unions had their origin in Germany, in two forms; one the Raiffeisen bank for farmers, the other the Schulze-Delitzsch bank for workers. The 65,000 credit unions of all countries are patterned after these two systems. The United States Commission on Investigation of Rural Credit in Europe, found that in 1910 Germany had 14,993 Raiffeisen banks, with a membership of 1,447,766. The loans outstanding on that date aggregated \$452,749,961. These are banks for the farmers. The number of Schulze-Delitzsch banks for workers was 1,051, with a total membership of 671,589. The total loans of the Schulze-Delitzsch banks in that year reached the sum of \$1,106,165,207. The average number of members in these people's banks is 100 to a bank. The shares of capital stock sell for from \$1.00 to \$2.50 a share. The average share capital is less than \$500, and the average working capital is about \$40,000.

The plan spread soon to the rest of Europe. Italy introduced it in 1868, and now has 2,499 credit unions. Austria followed in 1885 and in 1910 had 10,954 societies. Ireland has over 200 credit unions. France adopted the idea in 1892, and in 1913 had 4,700 societies. Japan had 7,301 credit unions in

1912. There are 11,000 local banks in Russia, federated into a big central bank in Moscow. Nearly 6,600,000 people are included in the system. In the Canadian Provinces since 1900, there are now over 300 credit unions, in which scarcely a dollar has been lost.

In this country the nine states that have passed laws for the encouragement of people's banks along credit-union lines are: Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island, Oregon, Texas, Utah, Wisconsin and North and South Carolina. The 1919 report of the Bank Commissioner of Massachusetts showed that the credit unions in that state had assets of \$2,791,165, owned by 59 credit unions. Their receipts and disbursements during the year amounted to \$3,862,948. There were 22,987 members in these 59 unions. The Superintendent of Banks of New York reports for 1919 that the resources of the credit unions are \$1,153,000, or an increase of 100 per cent over the preceding year. The North Carolina credit unions are only three years old; their resources more than double each year, and now amount to \$90,000. It is estimated that there are over 65,000 credit unions in existence all over the world, with a membership of approximately 15,000,000, and an annual turnover in the form of deposits and loans of over \$7,000,000,000.

Mr. Howe, of the Plumb Plan League, and the Farmer-Labor Co-operative Committee, says these banks have no losses, either here or abroad. They are the safest banks in the world, though their members are peasants and workers; most of them make loans without other security than the personal indorsement of a friend. They are managed by the common people; rarely do they employ permanent salaried officials. The loans are made on character, on the reputation of individuals for integrity among their neighbors, or among men associated with them in the same trade union or fraternal organization.

The banks are neighborhood affairs, formed of farmers in a community, members of the same trades union or other organization in which the men know one another intimately. They are fraternal in fact. They are foci of group-solidarity. Strictly co-operative, they are for mutual help. They lend money only for productive purposes or to help members in time of emergency or sickness. They enable men to start in business. They help the farmer buy cattle or machinery, to market his crops or hold them in order to sell them to advantage. Membership consists of stockholders, who are also depositors and borrowers. Shares of stock are in small denomination and are sold on the installment plan. The members manage the society and share the risks and enjoy the benefits. In some unions the liability is limited to the share capital a man owns; in others it is unlimited. One man, one vote, prevails irrespective of the number of shares a member may hold. The resources of the bank consist of the capital stock paid in, the deposits of the members, and money which the union may borrow from commercial banks or otherwise, for the use of its members. Deposits are accepted and interest is paid the same as by any other bank. The deposits, together with the share capital, are loaned out again to borrowers. Loans are made on a promissory note endorsed by one or more persons, the character of the borrower having first been investigated by the board of directors. The directorate approves the loan made and oversees its proper investment. The loan is repaid in installments. If not paid, the endorser or the society loses, but this very rarely happens, for men pay the loans scrupulously, considering them debts of honor and being unwilling to have their neighbors or their fellow workers suffer from their default.

In the United States the credit unions are examined by the bank examiner, the same as are other banks. The state supplies blanks, forms, and renders other assistance. Information as to credit unions and methods of organization can be secured by writing to the banking authorities in any of the states mentioned above which have credit-union laws.

The movement has tremendous impetus because just now the thinking people are having practical demonstration that the control of credit is in the hands of a few who dole it as they will and to their own interest. The credit unions will take such control largely into the hands of the people, democratizing credit and destroying it as a form of special privilege. They will put an end to the crimping of credit to the distress of the little fellow that the big fellow may have more money for speculation in and exploitation of natural resources and the hobbling of productive industry. The credit unions will make credit work for all, rather than for the men who work the workers.



The Day

By Isidor Schneider

I.

DOES God ever see the clock?—
We hurry, hurry, hurry,
As though life were not
Measureless itself.

Three score and ten—
So that older men
Count their years
Like plunder;
So that younger men, who die,
Having lived a whole lifetime,
Feel cheated.

II.

Day comes here,
As though there were not time enough for another
dawn.
We seize it.
It is broken up into hours
As a city is broken up into streets,
And we travel wearily to the end of them
As between narrow house-walls.

III.

It starts with an alarm-clock.
How can there be greatness in a day
That is led in by a bellwether,
A meek, God's beast, to the charnel house.
It is weighed on the clocks and apportioned:
Light, the tender white meat of the day, to the
masters;
The black meat, the gall and the entrails to us—
So is the day slaughtered.

IV.

So there shall be a time when the day shall be like
a meadow,
Open and free, with time like a boundless sky,
And the pleasures growing like wild flowers;
When life-spans shall be forgotten,
Where death shall be a ford across a river,
When I shall not be crowded in between two hours,
When my sitting-down shall not have hanging over
me the shadow of my getting-up.

For this it is worth laying waste cities,
And forgetting a civilization.



The Baby on the Doorstep

By Histor

TO REEDY'S MIRROR of April 22 I contributed an article entitled "Is Keynes' Book German Propaganda"—the book referred to being of course the now-celebrated "Economic Consequences of the Peace," by John Maynard Keynes. My observations, I note, have elicited comments in various quarters, but most notably have been productive of the letter of Mr. Walter Lippmann, printed in the MIRROR of May 13, together with marginalia by Mr. Reedy, under the title, "To What Did Germany Yield?"

Mr. Lippmann takes me severely to task. He accuses me first of falsely accusing Keynes. He continues by charging me with "unfamiliarity with the documents in the case, compounded by a certain confusion of thought." He concludes by stating his amazement that I should have "walked into a trap" and his assertion that I have "adopted the Prussian philosophy against which I fought" not only, but that it is myself and not Keynes who is the German propagandist.

In rebuttal of these charges allow me the privilege of remarking that Mr. Lippmann seems to be concentrating upon something quite different from myself. In my article I alluded only *en passant* to the Fourteen Points, for the reason that I considered—and still consider—time spent in their debate more profitable in other premises. Herbert Spencer upon a memorable occasion was asked for a definition of tragedy. He replied that a perfect one was exhibited by the murder of a beautiful theory by a gang of brutal facts. We may regard the Fourteen Points as the Beautiful Theory in the drama under consideration and the Peace as the Brutal Facts. The *dénouement*, according to Messrs. Keynes and Lippmann, has been tragic indeed. And in a certain sense this is not to be contradicted. But what else could have been expected? Literally nothing, and nothing but an academic infatuation could ever have encouraged any other assumption. Personally, as I aim to deal with facts, and with theories as incidentals wholly, I have never at any stage of the proceedings cherished any feeling of surprise.

Mr. Reedy remarks that Mr. Lippmann is understood to have "had a pretty close personal connection with the Fourteen Points from their beginning to the time they were formulated in the armistice." Apparently, from the original rôle of their "onlie true begetter"—or, at least, one of them—he has progressed to that of their circumambulatory wet-nurse. But is he still unaware that the "pram" which he so tenderly trundles contains nothing but a pathetic little corpse—the more or less, depending upon the point of view, "dear remains"?

I believe that the "Adventures of the Fourteen Points" have been made into a book by an enterprising journalist. They have also been a fruitful subject for the contemporaneous cartoonist. I have looked over a great many of these productions (of which the majority, it must be confessed, lag some distance behind Rowlandson and Daumier, to say nothing of Nast and Tenniel) and that which has appealed to me most has been the *motif* apparently most popular; namely, the depiction of the Fourteen Points precipitated, in the make-up of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, into the midst of a parcel of levee toughs engaged in a free-for-all fight. Academically considered the Fourteen Points may challenge the admiration of all fond political pragmatists and dilettante doctrinaires in the realm of international affairs. But just as revolutions cannot be made with rose-water, so wars of blood and iron cannot be effectively concluded by a milk-and-water peace.

Mr. Lippmann begins with asserting that I accused Keynes of beginning with a false premise, "namely that the armistice was based upon the so-called Fourteen Points." But I did nothing of the sort. I did not write about the armistice, but about the peace—a quite different thing as I, in my confused and uninformed way, persist in thinking. Moreover, Keynes' book is not called the "Economic Consequences of the Armistice," but the "Economic Consequences of the Peace." I am not greatly interested in the armistice, nor, it seems to me, need anybody be—it is the peace with which I am concerned. True, the armistice may be said to have prepared the way for the peace. But, if I have read history to any purpose, nothing is so illustrative of the relations between an armistice and the peace which ensues as the differences between them. It is oftenest like drawing for a flush, getting a bob-tail—though perhaps such language may not

be understood in the highly rarefied ether circulatory about the sanctum of the *New Republic*. I fear lest Mr. Lippmann will again be charging me with "confusion of thought." Let me, therefore, use a more seemly metaphor and say that whereas an armistice may be a song, a peace is apt to prove a sermon, and an unco' hard one at that, with much about it savoring of hell and damnation. Such being the way of the world in these matters.

The idea that a World War, which had endured for the best part of four years, could be settled by "absent treatment"—for that is what the proposition of the Fourteen Points and their interjection into the affair amounted to—is one which, begging the pardon of Mr. Lippmann, struck me at the time and still continues to, as a touching example of political juvenility, of that doctrinaire dilettantism to which already I have referred. No—such things are not settled in this way. As a Fond Parent, Mr. Lippmann has my sincerest admiration for his undoubtedly altruistic participation in the play. As I behold him, helping to lead forward the sweet infant, in its blessed little bib and tucker, fresh from the blue-ribboned bassinet in which so lately it reposed, following the birthpangs which ushered it into this blood-stained world, I am lost in approbation and my susceptible heart throbs thumpingly. But alas, how different are my feelings when I behold the sinister Keynes, reaching a fell and dastardly hand to steal away the "heir of all the ages"—and hold it for ransom on his own terms! "Give me back my darling at any price!" shrieks Mr. Lippmann, as any Fond Parent must. But, in my amazing Prussian way, I must admit that there are situations in which I can even "sit tight" and witness the abduction without semblance of qualm.

If the reader be disposed to fear that I am becoming flippant, I can only reply that Mr. Lippmann makes me so. There is absolutely nothing advanced by him which for a moment, according to my lights, invalidates my interpretation of Keynes' book. Really, so far as the Fourteen Points are concerned, he may have them in welcome. He may do with them what he pleases, and if he can successfully mend the dear child's broken nose, wipe the stains from its dimity and restore the curl to its ringlets, nobody will rejoice more sincerely than Histor. But being more deeply interested in other things, he must bear with me if I reserve my real concern for those issues. Particularly (as I have previously stated) as Mr. Wilson, after all, is the one responsible before the world for the relations of the Fourteen Points with the Peace and it is his reassuring contention that the two at this moment are dwelling together, and have all along, in a celestial harmony; disturbed by just sufficient minor discords to make that harmony all the more delectable to the modern ear—which, as we all know, is Wagnerian rather than of the *bel canto* school.

Let me repeat then, that I still adhere, despite Mr. Lippmann's accusations, to my original thesis, which is: That Germany surrendered, to all intents and purposes, unconditionally; that the gods of her machine, Hindenburg and Ludendorff (as Mr. Reedy notices in his marginalia) were thinking apparently not at all of the F. P. when they surrendered; that they were invoked as a protection thereafter; and that Keynes' book uses them as German protection, and only as that. Whether the Peace is "unenforceable" or not remains for development. If it is not, we may rest assured that something "enforceable" will be modified out of it. Personally my inclinations, as regards the Germans, are very brutal. They sum up in the brief admonition, "Treat 'em rough!" That, as history, both ancient and modern—including very recent—demonstrates, is the only way in which anything of any kind will ever be "enforceable" so far as they are concerned. This may keep a few dollars out of the till today—hence the anguish of the acquisitive Keynes—but it will pay, far more profitably, in the long run. If the utterance of these sentiments—which, I have no doubt, will create emotions of the deepest abhorrence in the

sanctum of the *New Republic*—relegates me to the ranks of the trappists, why, I am ready to walk in and make myself at home. There be worse places of retreat in these troublous times even though, as in the Abbey of Thélème, all things may not there be permitted. But of one thing I feel it my solemn duty to warn Mr. Lippmann. If he leaves the Fourteen Points, heribbioned bassinet and all, on the front steps and expects them to be taken in, he is mistaken. It is not a foundling hospital that I inhabit.

Circumlocutions

By Horace Flack

III. THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

Order is heaven's first law. If men have gone mad in all nations,

Dust a few books on your shelf, and leave God to manage the race.

Turn to the zodiac's belt with its glittering constellations;

Let them shine into your soul, lighting the worst-lit place.

"SEND me the tribute you owe me," wrote Tyrconnel to the O'Niel. "Or else—"

"I owe you no tribute," wrote back the O'Niel to Tyrconnel. "And if—"

Thus we have the question of the Brotherhood of Man, in its permanent form, properly punctuated. If any one needs to be referred to the proper volume of history to learn what follows the dashes, I can, on application, accompanied by postage as an evidence of good faith, supply the title of the volume. Probably it cannot be found in more than half a dozen American libraries, and it may be useless for anyone who cannot write a condensed synopsis of consequences after the dashes without the book, to read history at all. Without deciding that, I suggest it only because I wish to affirm that my views of the Brotherhood of Man and all my other views on all related subjects are always likely to be most helpful, as they are sure to seem clearest, to those who know what comes after the "And if—" as an answer to the "Or else—!"

As the brotherhood of man dates back to Adam, I was one of the many interested in the reports of a Commission exploring the neighborhood of the supposed site of the Garden of Eden. Perhaps I was one of many whom the interest thus excited in sacred subjects inspired to contribute small amounts for missionary effort in that vicinity among descendants of Adam who are supposed to be below our moral level, even at times when it may be supposed for the sake of the argument that we are no better than we should be. I have since learned, however, that the real object of the Commission in the vicinity of the Garden of Eden was to explore it for oil; that the oil was found; that there is supposed to be enough of it to be worth fighting for, and that the fighting (which has already taken place) makes the supposed site of the Garden of Eden a "sphere of influence" for philanthropists, who, if they can control not less than 84 per cent of the world's oil supply, feel sure they will be able to vindicate the brotherhood of man by an annual expenditure of not over five per cent of their net profits.

"Abou ben Adhem—may his tribe increase,"—was able to love his fellowman without making a net profit on him. If he or one of his tribe should call on me, or one of mine, to embark in an expedition to the supposed site of the Garden of Eden to promote or defend the brotherhood of man there, I would feel no resentment and no alarm. There would be no "Or else—" closing his communication. I might state my reservations without an "And if—" Then I might quiet my disturbed conscience by dividing my car fare with the next man who stops me on the street, calls me "brother" and tells me he has had nothing to eat since day before yesterday.

It is my uniform rule never to investigate the antecedents of any son of Adam who calls me brother and tells me he has had nothing to eat since day

before yesterday. I am of a speculative disposition. I gamble not less than five nor more than ten cents at once,—if I have it,—not on the chance that he is telling the truth, for that is none of my business, but on my own faith in the brotherhood of man. But when philanthropy, syndicated for the control of the Garden of Eden and everything else on earth, purposes to establish one of its mandatories over me and mine, I can only take my stand on my own reservation, and, refusing to leave it, do the best I can for my own views of the brotherhood of man by closing with the dash after "And if—."

I do not care to argue what follows the dash, for at the next crisis, as at the last, argument will not be permitted. Syndicated philanthropy will use the jails of the country and of the world, in the future, as in the past, whenever the territorial integrity of the Garden of Eden oil fields needs protection through an expeditionary force. If the name of any one of the tribe of Abou den Adhem, or of my tribe, or your tribe, is drawn from the wheel, all we will hear when notified is the "Or else—" which Tyrconnel found unfailing until the decisive crisis. In case the irresistible force meets the immovable body, the chance for survival during such a crisis, modernized to represent all the resources of civilization, may be small even for those who have learned to lie flat on their faces in a shell hole. I think the danger of decisive crises grows with the prospect of success for every attempt to syndicate the brotherhood of man as the base of more than a hundred per cent permanent net profit. But at present, since order is heaven's first law, the best thing I know is to dust a few books on the shelf, as above recommended—avoiding the use of dashes as far as may be humanely possible.

Getting Back at Biddy

By Therese de Maupin

IN Reedy's MIRROR of May 13 appears a very pungent and pertinent article by a "Biddy" on the difficulties she has in making ends meet. She omitted to tell us in what city or university town she lives. The h. c. l. must be more murderous there than in other sections of these United States since \$1,500 is insufficient for her needs even though she does her own laundry, makes her own clothes and never pays as much as \$35 for a suit. She intimates that her clothes are somewhat in the "shabby genteel" class and so the inference is that she doesn't buy more than one suit a year.

Are school teachers more improvident than their sisters in the business world, the stenographers and telephone operators? It's a fair question, because the latter at least are proverbially well dressed and always in the latest fashion. Fashions with them are *passé* before they even reach the "upper middle class." Up to 1918 the telephone operator who received in excess of eight or ten dollars a week was a phenomenon. I don't know what she is getting now, but I doubt if it is above fifteen, or possibly eighteen. When the telephone operators decided they couldn't live on their wage, did you hear any concerted howl? Did the newspapers and magazines carry learned articles for them? Not so you could notice it! The only publicity they got was when one of their pickets was carted to the police station in the patrol wagon for daring to block the pathway of some of the imported strike-breakers as they stepped into the waiting automobile (provided in large numbers by the company at a cost of \$50 each a day) for her twice-a-day joy ride. However, that is beside the point. The fact is that the telephone operator dresses well on much less than the "Biddy" receives. No doubt she practices the same economies mentioned by Miss Hubman.

As for the stenographers, the inexperienced are getting \$80 to \$100 a month, while the experienced get from \$125 up, the limit depending upon their ability and opportunity. I don't vouch for this: I know they are paid much less in my office and in the offices of some of my friends. But this is the

information given me by persons who claim to have made a survey of the situation. But suppose they get \$125 a month. That is the despised \$1,500 which Miss Hubman finds wholly inadequate for decent comfortable living. Do you hear any complaint from them? Any eloquent pleas for class action? You do not! You see bright, cheerful faces, neat, stylish clothes. They also have evening clothes, which h. c. l. compels them eventually to adapt for business use, much to their own distress. But they don't complain about it—they look for a better job! If they find it, all to the good; if they don't find it—which is nearly always the case—they remain happy where they are.

It is to be remembered that the stenographer's dollar has shrunk in the same proportion to the cost of living as has Miss Hubman's. But let us consider the years from 1909 to 1918 on which Miss Hubman quotes figures, her salary ranging from \$720 to \$1,200. The average stenographer's wage during that period was from \$600 to 900 a year, still depending upon her experience, her ability and opportunity. One who received \$1,020 (\$85 a month) was about at the top. These salaries were the stenographers'; if they attained to executive or secretarial positions, their compensation was of course somewhat higher.

And what does the stenographer do with her salary in addition to being comparatively well dressed and fairly happy? I can't say that she craves what Miss Hubman doubtless calls "good" magazines, but she subscribes to the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Cosmopolitan* and *Good Housekeeping*. Her novels she ordinarily gets from the public library. Which to my mind is quite sensible of her, because few novels are worth keeping on one's library shelves. She contributes to her Sunday school. She seldom lacks for beaux to take her about, but notwithstanding this, she frequently makes up a gay party of her fellow stenographers, a gallery party, for the matinee, where the fun is enhanced by a box of candy. This box of candy is all the hostess provides; the theater tickets are "Dutch." And I may add that I've never heard of them standing in line an hour to get in: where does Miss Hubman live?

In addition to supplying her clothes and amusement in a fairly satisfactory manner, about seven out of every ten stenographers I have known have had a family to support . . . a mother, or a sick sister, or a widowed sister's children, or a worthless brother. There nearly always is someone.

Another point Miss Hubman failed to mention in the table of her remuneration is that the \$1,500 a year is given not for a year's service, but for forty weeks of five days. That leaves her twelve weeks—almost a fourth of a year—for herself. The stenographer works fifty weeks—with some firms fifty-one—of six days. Either the teacher has a long vacation in which to recuperate her strength and enjoy herself, or if she is industrious and gifted, she can use those twelve weeks for adding to her finances. Neither did she tell us of her short working day. When I went to school the hours were from nine until four, but if I stroll into a candy shop now at three or three-thirty I always see a bunch of school teachers having afternoon chocolate or tea, (of course Miss Hubman wouldn't know about this, for she never goes to such places), indicating to me that the teacher's hours are much shorter than the office employee's, which may be from nine to five or from eight to six. The employer makes the law.

I believe in women getting good pay for their labor, on the same basis as men in fact. Labor and not sex should determine financial returns. The teachers surely are not getting as much as plumbers or lathers. But instead of selfishly demanding better pay for their own class, and holding themselves aloof from the labor unions, they should have a little more charity for their sisters and take them along with them in their climb upward in the working world.

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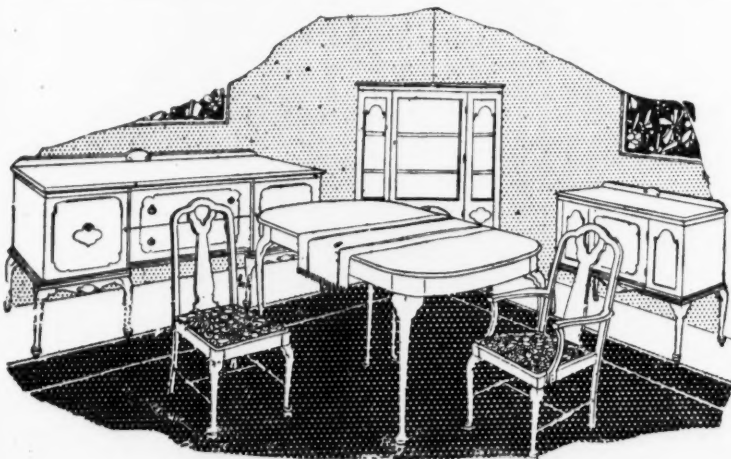
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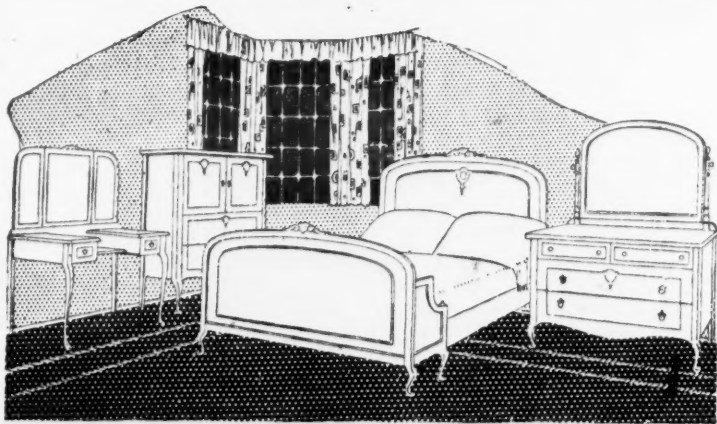
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Missouri Politics

By Dudley Binks

Democrats can take what comfort they may from the fight now opening up in the Republican party. James L. Minnis shells the camp of the Kiel-Schmoll-Goldstein-Koeln Republican machine in St. Louis. He says they have fixed everything for themselves—they get all the city patronage, places on the state's big four delegation to Chicago, contracts, and shut everybody else out. My, my! But when did politicians in control of a town do otherwise? Never. How about Minnis—what's his kick? Simply that all those machine men are opposed to his nomination for United States senator. His play is an old one. I recall that years ago Bill Stone, then a congressman, come down to St. Louis to get its delegation for the governorship nomination. Ed Noonan was mayor and Col. Bill Swift was his premier without portfolio. Col. Dick Dalton, of Ralls, got here first and got to Swift and Swift declared for Dalton, which meant that the administration would be for him. At once Stone took to the woods and began to denounce the city machine. He did it so effectively that he won the nomination by an eyelash. Stone became governor and eventually senator. So Mr. Minnis, the reformed railroad attorney, is only imitating Stone. It's not a bad play. The city crowd in either party is always unpopular in the country. The present Republican bosses of St. Louis are more so: they are "Dutch," as the ex-confederate tradition styles the Germans, and they are pro-beer. Minnis doesn't stress those things, publicly, but the pro-brewery-pro-German insinuation against the St. Louis group runs insidiously throughout the rural parts. I don't think it will help Minnis much, or hurt Selden P. Spencer. I don't think it will square Minnis with the friends of Col. Wells H. Blodgett whom Minnis scrouged out of the Wabash general-attorneyship. Blodgett is a venerated personality among Missouri Republicans.

More unfortunate for the St. Louis Republican administration is the showing that Mayor Kiel's brother got one-half of the city's non-competitive plumbing work since the Kiel rule began. He also got big chunks of the work let on competitive bids. No one claims he didn't do the work or that he was overpaid for what he did. It is said only that he appears to have had the inside track on the contracts. But that's good campaign material. My reaction to the exposure is simply this: I am surprised that the Kiel administration has got by so long without such assault. There's been plenty of talk among Democratic contractors about the closed shop on contracts at the City Hall, but it didn't get into the papers. Kiel was grilled but twice: first, when his party in nominating him didn't endorse the President's declaration of war on Germany; second, when he gave the United Railways a franchise by stipulation and compromised a suit for \$2,500,000 of a mill-tax per passenger, after it was known the company had employed burglars to steal a petition to refer a compromise on the tax to a vote of the people. But all the business respectables and their parasites supported the Mayor's com-

promise, and defeated a movement to recall the Mayor. The bourgeoisie, led by the *Globe-Democrat*, had hardly vindicated the Mayor when the United Railways voluntarily asked for a receiver and the whole story of the burglary came out on the witness stand in the Federal Court. Did that hurt Kiel? Not so's you could notice it. The respectables respected him for trying to save the railway property after it had failed to save itself by burglary.

Fact is, you can't hurt Kiel in St. Louis, or Schmoll, or Koeln; they're good fellows. They never make an issue with anyone about anything. They feel their way with people, appeal to their good nature. But all the time they overlook no bets. They are friends to everybody, especially everybody who can help them. Nobody seems to care much about such a thing as jamming politician McKelvey's son into a good position upon competitive examination for which another man had made a better showing.

A thing that may hurt Kiel more than the United Railway compromise, or the story of his brother's big plumbing contracts with the city is his "boner" over the switchmen and yardmen's strike. The strikers got him to wire the Labor Board to grant them a hearing. Then the "regular" Union heads pointed out to him that the strikers were lawless, as to the Federation, having struck over the heads of regularly organized labor, and so the Mayor had to wire the Labor Board that he had changed his mind and concluded the strikers shouldn't be heard until they returned to the jobs which they can't get.

I'm wondering if the attacks upon the Kiel-Schmoll, Koeln-Goldstein crowd mean a digging up of more of the stuff now rumored concerning the "good thing" the city is for the machine at the City Hall. They have been leniently dealt with—even by the *Post-Dispatch*, which has never been so gentle with a city administration before. Not that I want to hurt Kiel or Schmoll or Koeln, for they are all most likeable men, good companions, officially accommodating in the little things officials can do for fellows in trouble.

But Missouri Republicanism gets an awful wallop, self-administered by the way, in the revelations before the Senate committee investigating the expenditures of presidential candidates in the present campaign. Governor Lowden's campaign manager coughed up \$36,000 to get a Missouri delegation favorable but not pledged to Lowden's support in the convention. He says he gave \$2,500 to Nat Goldstein, St. Louis Circuit Clerk, as much more to a man named Moore, and \$1,000 to Fred Essen, boss of St. Louis County. Also he gave a bunch of greens to Liv Morse, an up-state leader in the party. Very interesting, considering that there was no fight to speak of for General Wood, and none at all for Hiram Johnson. There's only \$6,000 of the \$36,000 accounted for. Who's got the remainder? Mr. Lowden's manager didn't tell. Lowden was held up for \$1,000 for each Missouri delegate. That's a pretty high price, for Missouri. It is almost more than a dignified sum. I wonder what Missouri's Republican rank and file

will think of being sold out in this fashion. The bosses are caught with the goods, for Goldstein admits he got the \$2,500, after denying it for twenty-four hours. He admits there was no fight on Lowden. What he got the money for is not clear, unless he got it for Goldstein. It was a great shake-down. If Goldstein got \$2,500, I wonder how much other St. Louis bosses got. What water this is on the Democrats' wheel! It gives them a chance to carry the state, as the exposure of the three and four hundred thousand dollar funds for Lowden and Wood, and \$75,000 even for Poindexter will better the Democrats' chance of success in the country at large. Senator Reed brought out the facts, serving his party very well, considering the way the party served him in refusing to send him even as a district delegate to San Francisco. Republican stock took a big slump everywhere, when the blow-off came Tuesday morning of this week. The Republican gangs have put the presidency up at auction. The news should surely defeat both Wood and Lowden for the nomination. It will help Johnson. That's what it was planned to accomplish. But it knocks Missouri Republicanism silly. It's hard lines for the G. O. P., but it's great for moral uplift. Also it shows what it costs a Republican candidate for President to "show" Missouri. It wouldn't surprise me if it brought out more Democratic candidates for state offices and maybe for the United States Senate, on a platform of "Beat the grafters!"

More Republican trouble crops out—now in St. Louis county. Fred Essen is the boss of that bailiwick—an easy boss, generally. A. E. L. Gardner has been state senator from that district—an able, adroit, affable man, leader of his party in the upper house, accommodating even to the enemy, lawyer for all the public utilities and leader at the bar. I've always wondered why his party didn't nominate him for governor. This year he wants to be re-elected state senator, but Boss Essen says, "Nothing doing!" Gardner says, "I'll get it without you." Essen has decided to back Prosecuting Attorney Richard Ralph against Gardner. Ralph is popular and efficient. Of course, Gardner, as attorney for the more important defendants in the county, has got his wires crossed with the prosecutor. But why did Gardner and Essen quarrel, and why are they saying sharp and scornful things of each other? I haven't heard. Their interests seemed to be in common, and they were not always the public's interest. Gardner doesn't seem to have lost standing with the people. Essen is the head and front of the opposition to him. Essen has got rich. So has Gardner. Essen went to Congress to fill out the term of Meeker, deceased. Essen sided with Ralph in disputes with Gardner. There's been a lot of talk about quarrels over gambling in the county and about Essen's liberal attitude towards that industry. Anyhow he and Gardner are "going to the mat" on the state senatorship nomination, and the party solidarity in that strongest Republican county in the state shows signs of disintegration. Ralph seems a good man for Essen to tie to, for Ralph has made lots of

friends; but Gardner has much prestige. The split is a bad one. Essen has been boss a long time and has made enemies of men whom he wouldn't nominate or place in jobs. Gardner has made himself solid with interests that have been supporters of Essen. It will be a pretty fight. It may give the Democrats a chance in the county where the Republicans used to hunt them with dogs and shotguns. There may be snappy reading in the papers if the real causes of the Essen-Gardner row come out in the campaign for the nomination.

Since I've been writing these "Missouri Politics" I've always said that the eloquent and agreeable Mr. McJimsey would get the Republican nomination for governor—if the St. Louis machine would stick to him. The signs are it won't. One ward committeeman, Thomas, has broken away and there is rumor that others will follow. Those others are said to belong to the Koehn wing of the party, and Koehn was reluctant when the vote of this city was pledged to McJimsey. It's funny to see St. Louis Republicans of the beer-persuasion switching to Hyde, of Trenton, who is as "dry" as Ezekiel's bones. Even beer won't prevent a politician from being with the winner, if the politician can pick the winner in time. From this sign I should say there won't be much scratching of Spencer for senator by the St. Louis wets. The party will prevail over feeling as to prohibition to a great extent. Indeed, even the wets think prohibition is a settled issue—that it is up to the United States Supreme Court.

The Democratic situation is quiet. Breck Long is to have a walk-over for the senatorial nomination. The leaders of the party will back him. He wins this because he had nerve enough to come out for the place, while other aspirants let "I dare not" wait upon "I would." But the leader failed to simplify the gubernatorial race. They could not eliminate the candidacies of Wallace Crossley and Frank Farris in the interest of John M. Atkinson. Farris made a bold stroke. There had been talk about his indictment in connection with legislative boodling. He got up in meeting and said, "Yes, I was indicted, but I was tried in another county than my own, and acquitted." Upon a certain theory this makes him the only demonstratedly honest man in the race. But Atkinson is the strong man, and will be, at least until Internal Revenue Collector George H. Moore enters the race, if he does. Moore is thus far a highly promising dark horse.

Kansas City worries the Democrats. Will the Reed men there knife the party because he was defeated for delegate at large to San Francisco and for district delegate from Jackson county, too? Reed's friends won't name a man to take the place of the Senator or even as alternate. The state convention turned down their choice. Reed says nothing, since he blew up the charge that he condoned the sinking of the *Lusitania*. But Reed is an "Injun" and doesn't forgive or forget, and Kansas City's Democratic bosses are still sulking. The other party bosses have not yet found the way to placate them.

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At the Jefferson City Democratic meeting last week it was almost pathetic to note how little anyone seemed to care about the announced gubernatorial aspirations of Col. Ruby Garrett as a "soldier candidate." He's a Bolshevik-hunter who tried to kill the conference of the Forty-eighters in St. Louis last December, calling on the authorities to forbid their meeting, scaring the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, hotel keepers and theater owners for a day or two. But that got him nothing. The American Legion members are not pawing up the earth for him. He's running confidentially like, all to himself.

The Democrats feel that he's not the only patriotic person in the party. In the national convention it looks as if most of Missouri's vote will go for McAdoo for President and the remainder for Cox of Ohio—unless, of course, Mr. Bryan runs the convention and puts the kibosh on the Buckeye man.

It looks as if Selden P. Spencer will win the Republican senatorial nomination, hands down. If the disaffection over the Democratic turn down of Reed is as great as supposed, Spencer will be a favorite in the betting as against the Democrat, Breck Long, for the election. It remains to be seen whether Reed's

friends are as unrepentant of opposition to the treaty as Reed himself. Still, Long is a clever ingratiation and he's good for substantial contribution to the party funds and that will tend to keep the party workers faithful to him. None of the men, wet or dry, who contemplated contesting the nomination with him, is going to fight him. He has their pledges to that effect.

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Molly—Our doctor told me today that hammocks are not good for one. Cholly—He's right, dear, they're not good for one, but they're all right for two.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Letters from the People

A Man With Eyes and Ears
Montgomery, Ala., May 23, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Last week I was with two experts who had been called upon to give a report on the railroad strike situation to the Interstate Commerce Commission. I have been acquainted with one of them for sometime, and saw something of his report. Here is one example of a condition at a place where the newspapers have recently said the strike was ended. Normally, fourteen switching crews are used there. Today there is only one locomotive in service, it being impossible to get men to 'scab.' The one engine was manned by a boy and an ambitious office clerk. Again, in all the big cities, railroads are advertising for men. Strike breakers show up. They are inefficient. Moreover, the company has to board them in cars at a big expense and keep a guard on hand. No sir. The switchmen's strike, like the Gary strike, is not broken. Again, the maintenance-of-way men are "taking vacations" now, and there will be something heard from that soon.

And look here. A word to the wise on government operation: Look back while your memory is fresh. Is it not certain that of late accidents of a serious nature have been so rare that you cannot name one? Then think back a little to pre-war times and recall trouble galore. Why? This: The majority of accidents on railroads are caused by faulty track. During the period of government operation, track maintenance was kept up to a high standard. Now it is falling behind and you will see, before long, reports of accidents again. Next, it is true that the vast majority of railroad men in the brotherhoods are heartily in sympathy with the striking switchmen, no matter what the leaders say, and there's no little sympathetic striking on the job. It's a bad business and getting worse because the "statesmen" are ducking their duty.

In re your paragraph on banks and credits. This I saw. I was in a small town talking to the president of a bank. A farmer who owned 600 acres wanted to borrow \$1000 to set up a good tenant who would farm 200 acres. The farmer himself with his family would tend 200, leaving 200 to go in pasture for lack of help. Well, sir, the banker turned the man down. I asked him if the man was a good risk. He said he was. He added that the Federal Reserve people had warned the bankers against extending credit. Of course, it is the old case of narrow-minded men obeying the letter of the law with idiotically meticulous care as in the case of the plumber referred to in last week's MIRROR. But see the harm done. The farmer went to five banks and was turned down by each of them. I'm no Cassandra. God knows, but, sir, believe me, our ship of state has more boneheads at the helm than the Lord provided for.

You are sane on Carranza, in my estimation. That is, he was a man of ideals and the constitutional convention held at Queretaro, I think, framed a very liberal and a workable program. Of course, if he did really refuse to resign when his time came, it puts an awkward



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complexion on affairs, but in view of the fact that Trowbridge's "Mexico", (Mac-Millan) hinted that there were influences, and as others, including Senator Fall, seemed to have an uncanny foreknowledge of the present crisis, I grow suspicious. A lot of people this side of the border act and talk as if they were in on the set-up for the revolution. It seems to have been financed from this country. So I believe there's some unwritten history that's a little stinky. We shall hear more soon—don't doubt it!—from the fiery Hudspeth of Texas, who erstwhile talked of "carrying our bright and noble flag to the Panama Canal."

R. R. HAND

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The Arena

St. Louis, May 19, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

All the governments in the world are just now trembling in their boots for fear somebody will "overthrow" them.

Quite unnecessary: all one has to do is to sit back and watch them overthrow themselves. Come and sit up in this box seat with me and bring your opera glass. I promise you a finer show than any gladiatorial combat of ancient Rome.

You shall see the lion and the bull and the cockatrice and the eagles and other birds of prey in the deadliest fight, one with another, a fight where no quarter is given and which will not end until they have eaten each other up, "all but the ends of their tails."

What do these things called governments want, anyhow? Are they not satisfied with having half destroyed the world? Will nothing suit them but to renew their ravages and quite destroy what is left?

No doubt that is their desire and intention, for already, before this war is really over, they are bent upon preparing for the next one. They look forward to the next one with glee, rubbing their hands and smiling in ghoulis anticipation.

Already, before we have had time to see what peace feels like, they are planning for universal preparation and unlimited armaments, getting the stage set for the next grand show which is to make a total end of western civilization.

The debts of the victims, so far, amount to some \$200,000,000,000, and the interest to perhaps \$10,000,000,000. Ten billions of interest a year out of a wrecked world! And the people who profit by the war grin, and say to themselves, "Bully! Why should we not have another war and double it? All we need do is to appeal to the patriotism of the people and they will stand for it."

Authority, sovereignty, dominion, government, property, all mean the same thing. This "thing" by whatever name you may call it, has destroyed all the civilizations of the world, one after another. It is now destroying this civilization, and itself into the bargain.

It destroyed Persia, and the free Greeks resuscitated civilization. It destroyed Greece, and the Roman bandits erected a new world. It destroyed Rome, working the downfall of the empire through many centuries. The "radicals" of that day, the early Christians, Rome burned, because they were "trying to overthrow the government," because they

were "seditions," "disloyal" and all the rest of it. Of course, they were, as all true men are to all authority, always and everywhere.

Rome burned and crucified her radicals, just as we imprison and occasionally hang or assassinate ours. Rome kept on falling—falling, to her merited doom, just as we are doing, until Constantine awoke to the fact that the despised "radicals," the Christians, were the only people in the empire who were good for anything; the rest were a lot of slaves.

And he tried to revive the dying empire by means of them, but succeeded only in poisoning them with the virus of authority, teaching them war and endowing and emasculating them with property.

Poverty, misery, crime, war, these are the fruits of government; these are what all the governments are bent upon continuing.

They will continue them until some day, seeing their approaching dissolution, they will call in the accursed radicals and turn over to them the job of building a new world.

And the radicals will do it.

JOHN BEVERLY ROBINSON

A Query

Arlington Heights, Mass.,
May 21, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

A letter from Arba D. Carney, in your issue of April 29, mentions the "Right Rev. J. G. Mythen, D. CC.," giving his title as "Vicar Apostolic of the eastern diocese of the Western Orthodox Church (American Catholic)." What is the Western Orthodox Church (American Catholic)? I never heard of it before.

Mr. (or is it Miss or Mrs.?) Carney also mentions J. E. Lloyd, giving him the title "Archbishop and Primate of the United States." I should like to know more of the man and his title.

D. A. MCCARTHY

❖❖

A Housewife on the Bonus

St. Louis, May 13, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The newspapers and periodicals are filled with the difficulties Congress finds in providing funds to meet the proposed soldiers' bonus. Apparently Congress is willing to win the soldiers' vote with the bonus, if only so doing,

it doesn't jeopardize the taxpayers' vote.

What I want to know is, why the soldiers need any government aid. They went away with a big blare of trumpets to "give their lives for their country." Some of them succeeded. Theirs is the glory. Now those who came back—sound, strong, strapping—appear to want "the coin."

What is love of country anyway? Is it merely a means of individual financial gain? Or is it love of one's fellow citizens? Did the soldiers lose this love effectually and absolutely? They have returned to a prosperous country where each has an opportunity to earn much more than before he went away. In all lines of work we hear the cry of the shortage of labor. For instance, I wanted some screens made for small windows. I waited three weeks for a contractor to reach me, and in the end took a small carpenter who does all his own work. The first one reported that he simply couldn't get labor. The second one endorsed this statement and said he does his own work for that very reason. He tells me that any man can get together a bunch of tools and



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join the union and demand a dollar an hour. He pays \$50 initiation fee into the union; \$15 down and the remainder in \$5 installments. He doesn't necessarily need to know how to drive a nail. All he needs is this union card. I wanted my walls scrubbed; the charge was a dollar and a half an hour. How

much training was necessary to acquire the trade of wall scrubbing? I wonder! Now if unskilled labor can get a dollar and a half an hour, why should we all be taxed to reward strong men for their patriotism, especially since we all had to do our part during the war?

Let us have a fund to care for the soldiers' orphans and for the mothers

of soldiers' orphans—not for the soldiers' widows unencumbered—and for the maimed soldiers. Those are the ones who have a large claim upon the nation and are deserving of the best we can give them. But let the able-bodied soldiers take their places with the rest of us and work for their living.

HOUSEWIFE

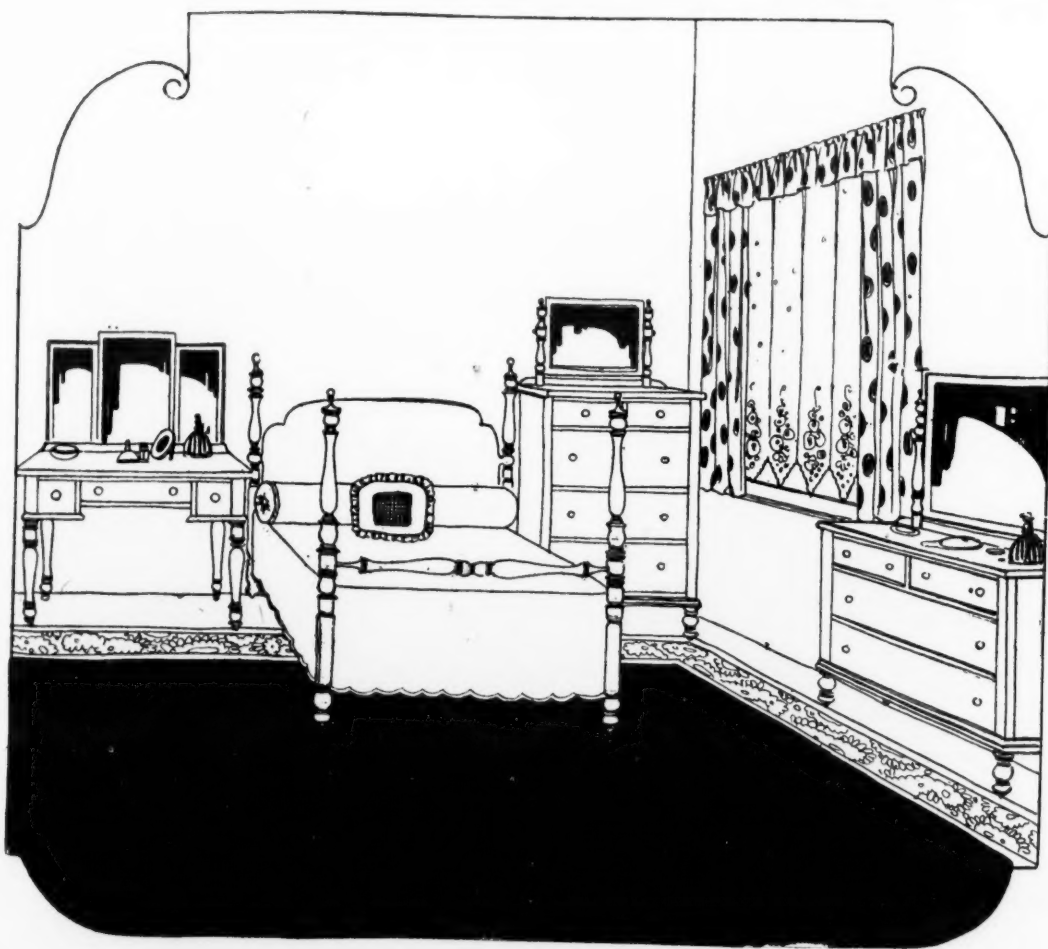
Books of the Day

By Lilian Cassels

Charles B. McMichael, of the Philadelphia Court of Appeals, has devoted his leisure to the study of Spanish, and it is easy to see that his translation of a few of the Spanish *contes* has been, as he says, a labor of love. He has chosen seven very brief tales: three from Rubén Darío, the Nicaraguan poet acclaimed by Spanish critics as the best lyricist since Carducci; three from Jacinto Octavio Picon, and one by Leopoldo Alas, which he publishes as "Short Stories from the Spanish" (Boni and Liveright). Judging from the translations the style of the three is much the same—limpid thought clothed in terse sentences, nevertheless smooth, suave, subtle in effect. No pretence is made at ornamentation. Nothing is exaggerated; all is natural. The veil is lifted and one beholds the elements of life in their simplest manifestation. Darío is quoted as saying that each word has a soul and the music is often the story. There is a complete absence of the humor and the general breeziness which characterizes the American short story. They are grave in their movement yet gripping. Mr. McMichael places Darío at the head of his list and evidently considers him the most eminent of the three. His stories have a delightful imaginative and imagistic quality, but Picon's are more intensely dramatic. Of the one example of Alas it is only necessary to say that its conclusion shows a beautiful young girl weeping over the memory of a cow and to assure that the scene is poignant without a hint of the ridiculous.

Quaint and intriguing is the combination of satiric comment and innocent idealism with which Michael Sadler pictures his impressions of life today in England. Browsing about amidst sentimental socialists, sardonic newspaper editors, elegant ladies and gentlemen always wanting their tea, modern-minded parsons, medieval-minded squires, and women ranging in standards from those attributed to Caesar's wife to the kind that have lent decorative pages to history before and since the episode of Potiphar's lady and the luckless young Joseph, Mr. Sadler has gathered some refreshingly original impressions.

"The Anchor," vehicle for these conceptions, is the story of a youngster of considerable physical charm, *Laddie Macallister*. Problems about himself and about love seem to be all *Laddie* has to vex himself with; and these, in Mr. Sadler's hands, assume Gargantuan proportions, overshadowing with grotesque importance the political and newspaper matters with which his working hours are filled. *Laddie* is disturbed by two of the ladies in the story. In the room of Potiphar's wife, *Pamela*, he loses a gold safety pin, thereby almost ruining the picturesque ideals Caesar's wife (*Janet*) has of the restraint necessary to decent young men; while in his associations with *Charlotte*, *Laddie's* own opinions suffer a shock when he finds he has permitted the young girl with whom he works in his newspaper office to fall in love with him—without having warned her off before her feelings were touched. These things loom tremendously, because *Lad-*



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GRAND-LEADER

die is really as innocent of guile as Janet, his anchor, would have him to be.

The crisp, staccato conversations which are the typical feature of this author's literary style are the making of the book. Though the dialogue is spasmodic, even jumpy, yet it carries with it an invigorating charm which is entirely separate from the rather inane plot. (Robert M. McBride Company.)

The tragic little stories written by Eduardo Zamacois have been translated into English by George Allen England; and they carry, even through the slight awkwardness of translation, irrefutable evidence of the power of this Spanish novelist.

"Their Son" and "The Necklace" are pictures in which the drab monotone of life's background is suddenly, unexpectedly splashed with brilliant if frightful color; pictures of commonplace events that sweep without warning into sobbing spectacles of sacrifice and sorrow. "Their Son" is the story of a hard-working, joyous locomotive engineer whose coquettish wife forgets to be true to him during his absences from home on the road; and of the terrible consequences into which her perfidy crashed when her husband learned of it. After Zureda had killed the despoiler of his home, he shut his secret away and went to prison as the murderer of his companion in a quarrel over cards; and through the hard years which followed he never told even *Rafaela*, the wife, of his knowledge of his betrayal. The dreary struggle which dragged youth and beauty from *Rafaela* bore plenty of punishment for her, as well as for Zureda.

The second story, "The Necklace," shows more pathos if less grandeur in its anguished love affair. Here a young student, *Enrique*, faces dishonor and death in exquisite abandon that he may win a smile from the greedy light-o'-love who has bewildered his soul with her beauty. The sad simplicity with which he gives her the necklace whose theft has caused his mortal hurt, touches sublimity.

Called in his own land "the Spanish de Maupassant," Zamacois in this translation, shows plainly the power which gained him the title. In form and structure somewhat rude (though this flaw may not be Zamacois' own) his strength dominates the pages and sets nice phrases in the background of the reader's memory. (Boni and Live-right.)

"Deliverance," by E. L. Grant Watson, who was first a zoologist, and before graduating into letters, wandered under the leadership of science over many strange corners of Earth prying into her lovely alchemy, is the story of one who sees life not in fragments, but complete in its round entirety.

Susan Zalesky, child of an erratic Polish father and a mother whose grasp of the meaning of love was unique, grows up in rural England into an eerie comradeship with nature in her illuminating moods. Without other study than that of her loved trees and hills and downs, *Susan* seems to soak in, with the rain which so frequently

wets her, a profound understanding of the truths that lie at the heart of the universe. So she becomes strong

enough to put behind her the ordinary jealousies and sorrows of living, and to get that inner glow which lovers of Emerson's sweetness and of Walt Whitman's pungent truths have come to know as a lamp of exceeding radiance. *Susan* suffers, it is true, in her first contact with the rude truths of Nature's plans; but she soon regains poise,

and then she lives tranquil, untouched save to an intense sympathy by the hurts of passion.

Mr. Watson writes a decidedly British preface to his lovely story, in which he laments the inability of book reviewers and critics to win into the true inwardness of his plots without such directing sign-posts as this preface is intended to be. Advised on the publication of his first story, "Where Bonds Are Loosed," to let it carry its own

message, he relates plaintively: "Only one reviewer saw what I was driving at." So in his American editions, he continues, he furnished a key to his mood—and lo! Eighty per cent of the American reviewers were not only sympathetic, but intelligent!

It is flattering indeed to the reviewer to have such deference paid to his importance in literature, though the compliment to his mentality is rather more obscure. However, Mr. Watson's toler-



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ance for the tribe as a necessary evil—the sympathetic kindness of his effort toward their enlightenment is something. But just what, I don't know.

There really is something new under the sun, after all. Harold Brighthouse has found it; or created it, one or the other—a proud, provincial, tight-lipped, austere, dominating, English woman, Ann Branstone (Lancastrian, she was), who surprised both her world and readers of "The Marbeck Inn," by yielding near the end of the story completely to the lure of love. The mother of a son who has never made much of his opportunities, she throws herself heart and soul into the late love dream that comes along years after Sam's marriage to the young woman. She finds the girl whose love has aroused the latent honor and manliness in Sam, Effie Mannering, and takes Effie into instant fellowship. She goes to the father of the wife, and in the name of love—"God is love," this shocked churchman had told her—she demands a divorce between the young people, so that Tom may marry Effie. Moreover, inspired by the glory of the love she has seen, she bursts her taciturnity, out-argues and out-talks the clergyman, and wins his outraged sympathy toward the lovers. She laid the life of Sam and Ada before Ada's father—

"Sam married her, and the ruin's come. * * * I'd date it back to the day when he fooled you about the 'Social Evil' pamphlet. He did that because he wanted a rich husband for Ada. * * * And it grew from that. He's made money because Ada wanted money, and after that it grew to be a bad habit. He made it by writing lies about himself in the papers * * then * * more lies. He began to fancy himself in politics. He wanted to be a crowing cock, and it didn't matter if he crowed on a dungheap, so long as he crowed. And Ada didn't care. He gave her money, and

she didn't care. She didn't love, and he didn't love, and * * * You said God is love. I'll leave it to you to name what it is when there isn't love.

"And then love came to Sam. Effie came, and you say God is love. Sam * * * said he's found salvation. * * * He's done with politics, and he's done with crowing, and riches, too. Effie did that by the power of love, and there's another thing she did, that's marked you less for me as the finest, strangest woman in the width of the world. She gave him up and sent him back to Ada. * * * To give up a man she loved and teach him how to make a woman of his wife, and send him home to do it. It's more than I can rise to. * * * He went home and he tried, and Ada laughed at him. And he gave up his politics that night she laughed at him, to leave himself free to tackle Ada. * * * Now Ada's left him. * * * I've finished telling you about Effie now."

Peter bowed his head. "Whom God hath joined together"—

"But God," Anne said, "is love." (Little, Brown & Co.)

Spell it Right

"Mother, how do you spell 'mucilage'?"

It was a serious girl who asked this question. She held her pencil poised in her hand while she worked over her composition lesson.

"I would love to tell you, Hannah, but it will be better for you to go look in the dictionary," returned Hannah's mother.

"Well, I see it's l-a-g-e instead of l-e-g-e," commented Hannah after investigating Webster.

"Now, since you already know how to spell that word, Hannah, let me give you a 'tip' on spelling."

Hannah was all attention.

"Nearly every time the first way you think a word ought to be spelled is the right way; I've discovered that by experience. However, if you do not know how a word should be spelled, and if you know that you do not know how to spell it, the only safe thing to do is to run to the dictionary."

"Thank you, mother; I see where you are right. If I had spelled 'mucilage' like I wanted to at the start, I wouldn't have had all this trouble. The first way I thought it should be spelled was the same as I found it in the dictionary."—From the *Christian Science Monitor*.

It was Murphy's first trip across the Atlantic, and he felt unspeakably awful. He failed to connect the fact of his being on the briny ocean for the first time with his agony. The doctor came to him as he tossed about in his berth. "Cheer up, man," he said heartily. "I know you're feeling bad, but you're not going to die." Murphy opened horrified eyes. "Not going to die?" he wailed. "Faith, doctor, I thought I was. That was the only thing that kept me alive."

The Chairman—Don't you think, gentlemen, in view of the high cost of living, we ought to increase our pastor's salary? Vestryman—That's all right. But don't pay him for overtime on his sermons.—*Life*.

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The Strong Box

By Austin O'Malley, M. D.

Issacher Ben Ezra, the merchant, had great flocks of sheep on the Plain of Esdraelon, a camel train that traded between Tyre and Damascus, and many vineyards on the sloping of the hills. An important citizen, grave of speech, with lips that showed thin through his long white beard, and hard brown eyes which never softened even when casting up his steady gains.

On a street of Nazareth lived the widow Mary, with her only son, Jesus the carpenter. The carpenter was a big quiet man, with brown Nazarene hair falling upon His shoulders, and a forked red beard. His voice was full of strange musical tones; and His eyes were kind always, but deep, like the eyes of one that converses much with God. Often they had curious humorous wrinkles at their outer edges when He talked to the children who came daily after school to His shop to watch Him at work. He made shepherds' pipes for them of the willows in spring, and tops, and He told them long tales of great men dead, and the saints of Israel, of the eagles drifting above Mount Tabor, and the foxes of the hills. The mother came with her sewing and sat near the shop door, just to be closer to Him. The children would gather about her, and she listened with them as He told His tales. When He spoke of the love of God for us His face grew very beautiful, and the mother's needle would stop, forgotten. Some of the smaller children said they had seen light about His head when He so spoke, but their parents laughed at these fancies.

Now and then the mother would sing for them. He would go steadily on with His work, but He would sing with her. The children would catch up the chant with them:

The Lord ruleth me, and I shall want nothing.

He hath set me in a place of pasture.

He hath brought me up, on the water of refreshment; He hath converted my soul.

He hath led me on the paths of justice, for His name's sake.

For though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death,

I fear no evils, for Thou art with me.

One day the mother sang a strange hymn for them, one they had never heard:

My soul doth magnify the Lord:

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour:

Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid: for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath done great things to me; and holy is His name.

Then the mother broke down and began to cry, and the little ones did not understand.

She went into the house, and straightway Issacher Ben Ezra darkened the doorway. The carpenter ceased working and looked at the man.

"Jesus, son of Joseph," said Issacher, "make me a strong box of oak, four cubits by three, and three cubits deep; and bind it well with the iron I have

ordered from Tubal the smith, and fit it with drawers wherein I may keep certain things I value. What wilt thou charge me for the work?"

"Four pieces of the silver of Herod," answered Jesus, the carpenter.

"What, man!" cried Issacher. "Four pieces of silver! Art thou mad?"

"Very good," said Jesus, the carpenter. "Go to someone that will make it for two. I will not." And he started his saw, ripping a plank.

Issacher went out, and the carpenter began again to talk to the children. Presently the merchant returned, and said:

"Here! I need that box straightway, and I will give thee three pieces for it—not a penny more."

The carpenter went on talking to the children: "And the poor woman gave of her meal and oil to the prophet although she was in sore need herself—"

"Dost thou hear me speaking?" snarled Issacher. "When I come to a man like thee to give him work I am wont to meet courtesy."

"Even so am I," said the carpenter, and He went on talking to the children: "And God the Father was pleased with the charity of this woman, and He sent her His peace, and the oil and meal dwindled not."

Issacher's face flushed, and he was about to blurt out insults in his anger, when the carpenter ceased speaking to the children, and looked with steady eyes at him. Issacher held his peace. Jesus said:

"I will make the box for three pieces, if thou givest the fourth piece to the poor."

"Bah! The poor! The idlers in the sun! My conscience will not let me pauperize them. Let them work as I do. Yet I must have the box; make it and I will pay four pieces; but thou art a robber."

The carpenter answered: "I ask only the due wage for my work, yet thou art spendthrift of speech."

Then he went on ripping the plank and Issacher departed.

The carpenter made the strong box, and clamped it with iron bands and bolts, and Issacher Ben Ezra filled it with gold and precious stones, parchment deeds written by the lawyers, and records of trade. He paid the four pieces of silver, and Jesus gave one to a blind beggar at the Jerusalem gate.

The year went on unto the winter rain, and Mary sat by the shop door, spinning and singing softly; and the carpenter day by day made casks for the vintage, and mended the bullock carts and the yokes, and taught the children seated upon the wood shavings of the floor.

One evening when the rain was falling steadily, and the street before the carpenter shop was purring with the brown water, the son of Issacher Ben Ezra came to the door and said to Jesus:

"My father died today. Make a coffin for him of cedar of Lebanon; and when thou comest to the house I wish thou wouldst show me how to open the strong box thou madest for him."

Mary the mother stopped the droning wheel, and after the young man had

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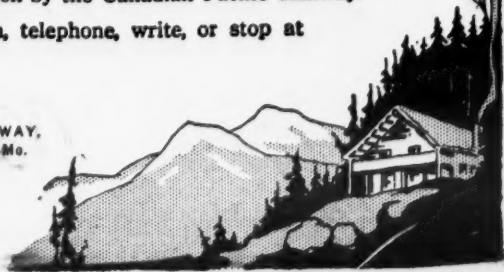
to relish brook trout browned to a turn and sleep under blankets through starlit nights beside log fires.

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It is a remembrance that will not depreciate, and will be appreciated more as the years go by.

Assuredly, a token of thrift will be the appropriate gift to members of the Class of 1920.

Certificates may be purchased for any amount, and are exchanged by the recipient for a Savings Pass Book.

Savings Department

Mercantile Trust Company

Member Federal
Reserve System
EIGHTH AND LOCUST



U.S. Government
Supervision
—TO ST. CHARLES

"The Institution for Savings"

gone away with light step, she asked her son, the carpenter:

"Shall I pray for the soul of Issacher Ben Ezra?"

And the carpenter made answer:

"It is too late. He locked his strong box and his heart too tightly whilst living."

Then he made the coffin of planks of the cedar of Lebanon, and the priest praised Issacher Ben Ezra in a great funeral oration. Of all his wealth Issacher took away with him a winding sheet. His son opened the strong box as soon as he could empty the house after the funeral, and left at once for Jerusalem. He squandered the gold on a dancing woman of Egypt who lived in the Sion Quarter near David's Gate, and disappeared.

—From America.

Marts and Money

Under the impact of additional heavy liquidation, the prices of many leading shares have receded two, three, or four points further on the New York Stock Exchange. The selling was again on an especially broad scale in the industrial group. U. S. Steel, one of the principal barometric stocks, fell to 89¼—a new minimum for the year to date. The subsequent rally mounted two points. As a rule, a bear drive winds up with a concerted attack on Steel common. This for the reason that the stock represents the greatest industrial corporation in the country. The high mark in 1919 was 115½.

Astute observers were not impressed with the raid on Steel. They suspected the underlying purpose. They noted the evidences of investment buying both in the industrial and railroad lists. They perceived symptoms of exhausted liquidation in several directions. Furthermore, they realized the significance of the modest improvement in the quotations of Liberty and Victory bonds, which had established new low records, in consequence of liquidation which, according to informed authorities, emanated from some important corporate and capitalistic sources. The deductive ratiocination in regard to this seems perfectly sound. When the premier securities of the nation are quoted at prices indicating net yields of 5½ to 6¼ per cent, trained financial acumen must perceive recognize that the end of the decline must be near or has already been reached. The tax-exempt Liberty 3½s were down to 91.50. Even a chronic pessimist must concede that a price such as this implies undervaluation in spite of the extraordinary financial unsettlement now prevailing in all parts of the world.

It should be noted that the quotations of prominent industrial and railroad bonds are now meeting with better support. As a rule, declines do not exceed small fractions. They are not evocative of increased offerings. So substantial is the depreciation in many cases that we are fully justified in anticipating liberal purchasing at an early date, or as soon as the investing public comes to the conclusion that the economic reaction has run its course.

It must not be overlooked that prices of investment issues have been discount-

ing the existing state of things ever since July, 1918. The sum total of bond sales on the Stock Exchange, since January 1, is \$1,064,192,000, against \$1,294,025,000 for the corresponding period in 1919. The weekly statement of the associated banks puts the surplus reserves at \$7,690,350. This indicates a shrinkage of \$21,061,980. The contraction in loans and discounts is placed at \$29,476,000. Call loans still fluctuate between 7 and 9 per cent. Time was when completion of liquidation in Wall Street was indicated by rates of 2 and 3 per cent. It would be idle to look for such percentages in 1920 in connection with marginal loans. According to the official report, the total of Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation, as of May 21, was \$3,085,202,000, while the ratio of total reserves to net deposits and Federal Reserve note liabilities combined was 42.7 per cent. The gold reserve ratio was 47.7 per cent, after the setting aside of 35 per cent against net deposit liabilities. There are no reasons for worrying over the Federal Reserve system. The gold reserve ratio remains at a level, connoting a sound condition and sufficient protection against unforeseen threatening contingencies. The United States is the supreme financial power of the world and will be for a long time to come.

The nation-wide price-cutting didn't prove much of a depressive factor in Wall Street, though gossip discussed it freely. It had been discounted for sometime. But it is of acute interest, nevertheless. There's considerable difference of opinion as to the probability of much more severe reductions in the next few months. If they should come, quotations for speculative shares would undoubtedly seek lower levels than have so far been recorded, at least for a week or two. Another aggressive and successful raid on Wall Street shares can scarcely be looked for with prices as low as they are or have been lately.

Advices from Japan dilate upon the condition of the silk market, the extensive break in which caused a closing of the Yokohama Stock Exchange recently. We are told that improvement has set in both in finance and commerce, despite the fact that the Imperial Bank's discount rate remains at 10 per cent. Financial affairs in China are said to be in chaotic condition, and this is borne out by the severe declines in the values of that Government's bonds, so largely owned in Europe and America. Chinese Railways 5s, for instance, are down to 42. They were above 70 not very long ago. Quotations for Japanese bonds bring it forcibly home to us that the economic condition of that country has been terribly damaged by destruction of capital incidental to the great war. It appears astonishing that in spite of this the Nipponese Government should still be engaged in conquering operations in China and Siberia.

Germany's Minister of Finance announced the other day that the Republic's indebtedness is augmented by \$1,000,000,000 every month. Notwithstanding this, the value of the mark, which was as low as a half cent about three months ago, is up to 2½ cents at this moment. The pre-war quotation was 23½ cents. In view of the gradual expansion of Germany's export trade, a

further rise in mark exchange may confidently be expected, all the more so because the indemnity to be exacted from Germany has been fixed at \$30,000,000,000. Whether this fearful burden can really be discharged remains to be seen. It practically forbids a restoration of the value of the mark in June, 1914, in the calculable future.

Our old friend, S. Davies Warfield, president of the Association of Owners of Railroad Securities, bitterly condemns the companies for their failure to prevent the general freight congestion. He believes that Government ownership will be "forced upon an unwilling country" unless the carriers themselves devise co-operative methods. Methinks the indictment hurled by Warfield is decidedly premature, too sweeping and too impetuous. We all have vivid remembrance of the excellent service furnished by the companies prior to 1917. It was by far the very best in the world. After we have gone through the process of deflation, there should be plenty of capital available for improvement, extensions and equipment. In the meanwhile, the companies are willing to pay 7 per cent and even more in order to meet the public's requirements. They are doing the best they can in their attempts to overcome the ill results of the Federal fiasco.

Finance in St. Louis

It's pretty dull on the local Stock Exchange these days. There's more bidding and asking of prices than real business during some of the daily sessions. Under prevailing conditions in financial

affairs nothing more can reasonably be expected. Speculators feel the restraining hand of contracting credit, and realize, at the same time, that the full force of deflation still has to assert itself. They are inclined to fight shy of commercial and industrial issues quoted at prices showing no important depreciation as yet from recent top levels. The demand for the Government's war bonds is on the increase. Naturally. Values have fallen to levels tempting the cupidity of every shrewd investor anxious to gather substantial speculative increment and unusually high net interest rates to boot.

Local Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
First National Bank.....	210	
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	131½	133
Mercantile Trust.....		365
Mississippi Valley Trust.....	284	
St. Louis Union Trust.....	353	
United Railways 4s.....	43¼	43½
Fulton Iron com.....	67½	70
Certain-teed com.....	41½	
do 1st pfd.....	34½	
Indianapolis Refg.....	6½	7
Laclede Steel.....	109	111
Temtor A.....	40¾	
St. Louis Cotton Compress.....	29	
Ely & Walker com.....		7
Brown Shoe com.....	101	103
Hydraulic P. Brick com.....	6¾	7
do pfd.....	42½	44
Central Coal & Coke pfd.....	79	80
Granite-Bimetallic.....	40	
American Bakery com.....		30
Marland Refg.....	3¾	4
National Candy com.....	126	126½
do 1st pfd.....	100	103
Wagner Electric.....	105½	110
Rocky Mountain com.....	36	40
Boatmen's Bank.....		127½
Title Guaranty Trust.....	1	69
United Railways com.....		
E. St. L. & Sub. 5s.....	50	89
do 5s (\$100).....		90
Ely & Walker 1st pfd.....		103
do 1st pfd.....	83	
International Shoe com.....		146½
do pfd.....		104½
Scruggs 1st pfd.....	77	
Hamilton-Brown.....	125	157

Answers to Inquiries

INQUISITIVE, Guthrie, Okla.—National Aniline common is a speculation rather than an investment at this time, but is likely to be on the list of dividend-payers in a year or two. The aniline industry will doubtless be given careful protection against German competition. Properties and patents, mostly acquired during the war, are of great value, and help explain the relatively high quotation for the common stock, which rose from about 30 in 1919 to more than 70. Seven per cent is paid on preferred stock and company is steadily adding to surplus, which is about \$8,000,000 at present.

CURIOUS, St. Louis.—The 6 per cent dividend on Atchison still is safely earned. There's no danger of reduction. The stock may still be regarded as a desirable investment, especially so since the net yield at 78 is about 7¾ per cent. The high mark last year was 104. There's not much of the stock held in brokers' offices. That much is clearly indicated by the relative steadiness displayed in recent times.

SUBSCRIBER, Louisiana, Mo.—Unless you are pressed for cash, you had better retain your Pullman certificate. Though there will be no stock dividend, maintenance of the present rate of cash dividend is assured, according to official announcement. The current price of 110¾ invites purchasing rather than selling, even though the possibility of a fall to about 105 cannot be ignored. Pullman is a stock chiefly owned by capitalists.

R. O. M., Milford, Mass.—Pierce Oil, quoted at 16, is an attractive speculation for parties who are not in a hurry to gather large profits. Soon or late it must have an important advance, in response to the growing strength of the corporation's financial position. On December 1 last the surplus was \$7,891,735.60 after preferred dividends, against \$5,739,851.38 for 1918. In 1919 the stock was up to 28¾, the highest on record.

BANKER, Spokane, Wash.—(1) Further material depreciation can hardly be considered likely in the case of Southern Pacific collateral 4s, selling at 62. They are a superior second-grade investment. An additional purchase would certainly be advisable at, say, 59. (2) The Delaware & Hudson 7s, quoted at 99¾, are a good investment which would recover quickly from a temporary decline of four or five points.

Some of us never do have any luck. Now, in our boyhood, for instance, there never was a scarcity of teachers.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

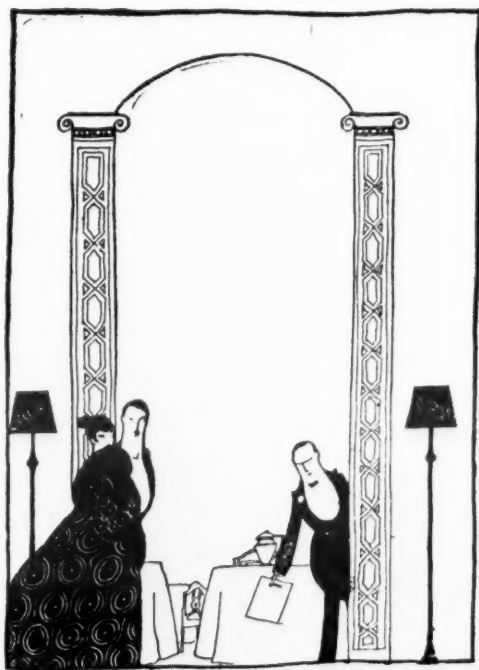
Coming Shows

Irene Franklin, native St. Louisan and well known vaudeville headliner, will top the Orpheum bill for its closing week beginning next Monday. Her composer-husband, Burton Green, will preside at the piano and assist her generally in getting over her humorous philosophy of life expressed in jingling melody. A new character which she introduces this season is the smart Parisienne and her views on "Sammee." Other announcements are the popular juvenile entertainers, the Alexander Kids; Jesse Brown and Effie Weston in a terpsichorean cocktail; Lynn and Howland in snappy patter; "A Study from Life" by Adler and Dunbar; Lillie Jewell Faulkner with a Miniature Revue; Wallace Galvin, the famous "eggspout conjurer;" and "The Act Beautiful," a posing of horses and dogs.

Ernest Evans and Girls in "A Smart Diver-tisement of Entertainment" are great favorites at the Grand Opera House this week, where Evans is adding to his popularity as one of the foremost modern dancers. Ralph Ash and Sam Hyams are highly amusing in their latest skit "Nothing on the Level." "Color Gems" is a beautiful posing act presented by five women and two men in which the seasons are used as subjects. Ray and Emma Dean incorporate some good dancing and singing in their original act. Another good dancing team is Williams and Taylor, colored. Frank Ward presents "The Hallucinationist;" the Thomas Trio perform on the bar; Brown and Simmons sing and talk; and Walsh and Bentley impart thrills as gymnasts.

At the Columbia, Kay, Hamlin and Kay have a bright skit called "The Bill Posters;" Princess Olga—often seen in the Selig photo plays—and her pets contribute a remarkable and daring exhibition; Lafollette has a protean sketch in which he gives impersonations of famous men; and there are a number of other good acts. The feature picture is "Just a Wife," starring Roy Stewart, Beatrice Joy and Kathlyn Williams.

During a lesson on the Good Samaritan the scholars were asked why the priest and Levite passed by on the other side. "Because they saw the man had been already robbed," was one prompt and uncharitable reply.



The Delightful Roof Garden of the Statler

This pleasant summer restaurant is now open for the season. It is larger than last year, with new furnishings and decorations—cheerful, modish, comfortable.

Service every day—and dancing evenings (except Sundays) from 9:30 o'clock. On Thursday and Sunday evenings a fixed-priced dinner, at \$2, is served.

You will certainly enjoy the new Roof Garden.

INDIVIDUAL SEAT SALE

Opens Monday, May 24

MUNICIPAL OPERA

ALL-STAR CAST

LARGE CHORUS

FIFTY MUSICIANS

REPERTORY

June 8 Week, "FIREFLY"

June 15 Week, "ROBIN HOOD"

June 22 Week, "WALTZ DREAM"

June 29 Week, "THE MIKADO"

July 6 Week, "THE MASCOTTE"

July 13 Week, "THE GONDOLIERS"

July 20 Week, "BABES IN TOYLAND"

PRICES, 55 cts., 83 cts., \$1.10

BOX SEATS, \$1.65

INDIVIDUAL SEAT SALE

Opens Monday, May 24

AT BALDWIN'S, 1111 OLIVE ST.

Budweiser

is with you once again!
The famous friend of
old—made by the
original process in con-
formity with the present
regulations—on sale
everywhere.



ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. ST. LOUIS

The New Columbia THEATRE BEAUTIFUL
11 a. m.—Close—less—11 p. m.

PRICES, 15c and 25c

VODVIL AND PICTURES

Five Big Acts

Latest Features

Orpheum
THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE
(Orpheum Circuit)

2:15—Twice Every Day—8:15
Mats. 15c to 50c. Eves. 25c to \$1

LIEUT. GITZ RICE & HAL FORDE

ALLEN BRONSON

KRANZ & LA SALLE FRISCOE

Allman & Nally Baraban & Grohs

Alice De Garmo

"THE LITTLE COTTAGE"

STANDARD THEATRE

SEVENTH and
WALNUT

MATINEE DAILY—LADIES 10 Cts.

PAT WHITE

and His Big Show